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the best GP reviews

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street-fighter

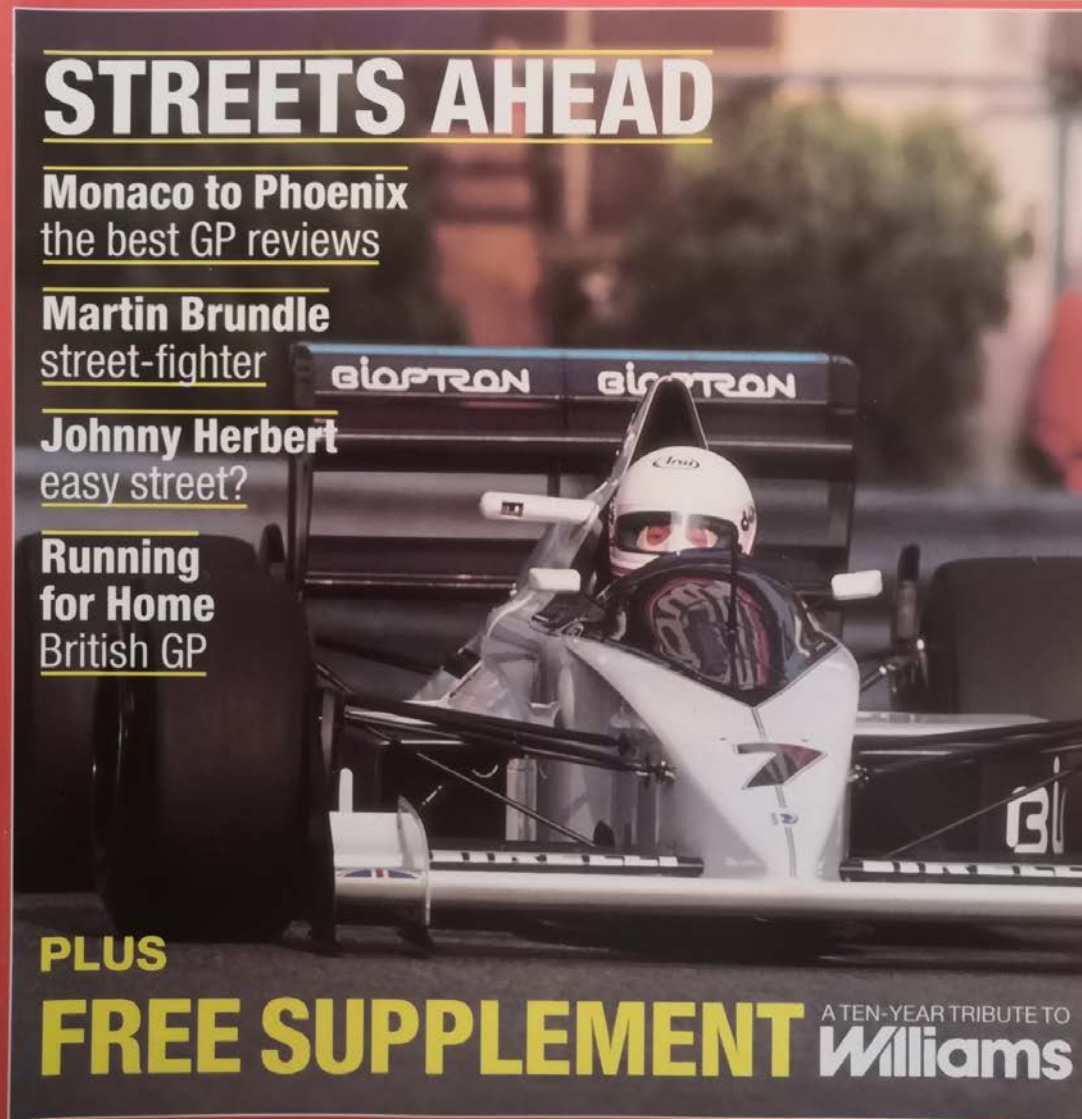
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**PRIX
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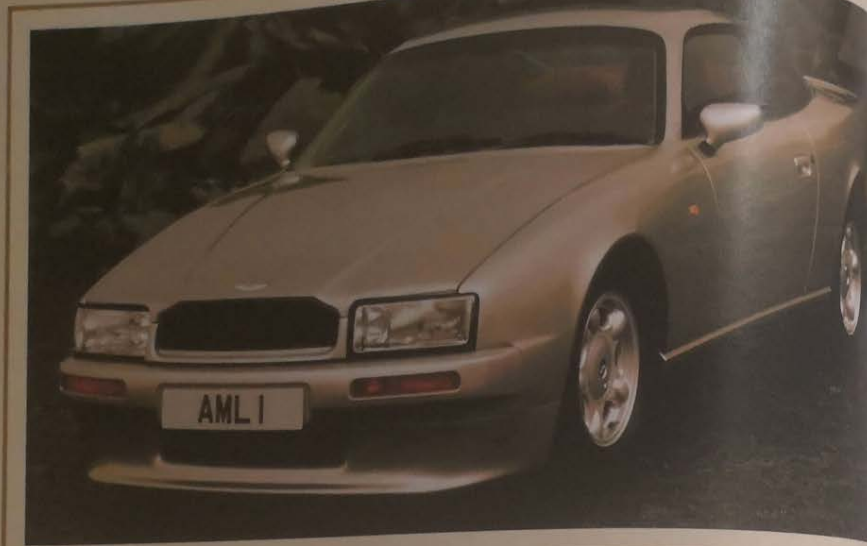
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(John Townsend)

Seen in one context, the statistics 34-35-36 would do little to excite attention. Taken in sporting terms, however, they assume no little significance. Sport — and there is no reason to except Formula 1 from that category — can either gladden or sadden, and the Phoenix Grand Prix did both. There was a hint of both emotions in Ayrton Senna's pole position, which is where the first statistic comes in. Just over two decades ago, Jim Clark took pole position for the 33rd and last time of his career, a record which stood until Senna's exploit in Arizona: pole number 34, the latest milestone in what promises to be one of the all-time great Grand Prix careers. But 34 is also the age of Senna's teammate, Alain Prost, a man under fire, it seems, from all quarters in recent times as the Brazilian accelerated towards a second consecutive World Championship. Phoenix may have stemmed the tide, albeit temporarily: Prost was on 35 World Championship victories, so success in the States — his first-ever in North America — has pushed the Professor even further ahead in the overall standings with 36 Grand Prix wins to his credit. Even if the McLaren wagon rolled on, the problems that sidelined Senna in Phoenix may have made it a less intimidating vehicle, and the rumoured artificial handicaps dreamt up to let the rest catch up may well be as unnecessary as they seem absurd. In a wider context, Phoenix was just the latest in a long line of street circuits to host Formula 1 World Championship races in the States. Long Beach, Dallas, Las Vegas, Detroit...and now Cactus City: is Formula 1 more likely to build an American bridgehead in Arizona than on the concrete of those other cities, or will Phoenix simply underline the fact

POLE POSITION

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

that "our" World Championship is on shifting sands when it comes to that great continent? Elsewhere in this edition, the Commercial Director of Williams Grand Prix Engineering addresses himself to an issue of paramount importance to a sport that thinks in global terms. How can a sport so dedicated to the pursuit of money — for perfectly good and healthy reasons — rest easy until the high ground of North America is conquered? One small step in the right direction, as that same gentleman from Williams suggests, might be a more careful process of education. Not many years ago, while showing a party of American VIPs round a Formula 1 car in Detroit, I came up against this question: "Say, does this thing have more 'n just one gear?" Moments later, another very important person leant into the car, muttered "Whassis?" and promptly set off the fire extinguisher. Caricature? Only just: and we are

Flying again: Prost clipped Senna's wings in Phoenix
(Allsport/Pascal Rondeau)



capable of our own dismissive attitudes where American racing is concerned. As Jim Clark said of Indianapolis, "You get an awful lot of money just for turning left 800 times", but as our Adrian Newey feature shows, Indycar racing has its own complexity, its own challenges, and until Formula 1 educates a nation brought up on oval tracks and super-quick average speeds, "our" version of single-seater racing may be left to its current street-sweeping role. Perhaps a purpose-built American F1 arena would be the answer; whatever that answer is, Phoenix proved that in terms of the American public it is still to be found. If Prost's career is about to rise again from recent ashes, the US GP may not yet take wing, Phoenix-like, from the desert heat.

And yet, as street circuits go, Phoenix appealed to the F1 drivers. One man who has always excelled between intimidating city walls is Martin Brundle, whom PEI is happy to feature not only on the front cover, but also in the limited edition print which puts the work of Simon Ward before a wider audience. His tribute to Martin captures all the excitement and drama of street-circuit racing, as epitomised by Monaco; and talking of tributes, PEI is proud to honour Williams Grand Prix Engineering, ten years after that memorable first Grand Prix win at Silverstone. I hope our emphasis on matters domestic in this British Grand Prix issue will not diminish the international flavour, either of the magazine or of this endlessly fascinating sport. What price 37 at Silverstone?

STUART SYKES
EDITOR

Stuart Sykes

Keeping Track

BY DAN KNUTSON



McLaren house in order? Dennis and Senna seem to think so. (Sporting Pictures)

about the incident and Senna apologized to Prost. "As far as we are concerned," Dennis said, "we have resolved the problem. We will operate in a fair manner. We will give them the same equipment and an equal chance at the World Championship. To avoid these problems again I will be party to any arrangements between the drivers."

Sources close to Prost, however, say he is still angry at Senna. In Monaco the French newspaper *L'Equipe* — through F1 contributor Johnny Rives — quoted Prost as saying: "As far as technical discussions are concerned, I will not completely close the door as I had been thinking of asking (McLaren) to do. But in everything else, I don't want to have anything more to do with him. I have always tried to put a lot of effort into human relationships, previously. It worked out well with Lauda, and with Rosberg... I will not allow myself to be tricked by Senna again. I now know what kind of person he is. What I like is honesty. He has not been honest." Prost is said already to be looking hard at a Williams-Renault offer, though a straight driver exchange with Ferrari's Gerhard Berger has also been suggested. Musical chairs — earlier each year, and events in Mexico have started the band playing all the sooner.

Canon Williams set the trend in multi-name, multi-colour sponsorship on their cars, with Benetton and Larrousse now providing even more evidence that several backers can cohabit peacefully on a single stretch of bodywork. Latest convert to the habit is Leyton House March, who appeared in Imola with BP on board and in Monaco added the name of Autoglass — a deal completed on the Saturday morning in the team's motorhome. Now there's not much call for windcreens in Formula One

at the moment, so why would a leader in such specialist glass be keen to break into Grand Prix racing? Marketing Director Mike Cornwell: "This is not an entirely new venture for us, but a change of direction after our happy association with Derek Bell and Porsche in sportscar racing. As a company we regrouped in 1986 and we're now going into Europe, and Autoglass in some areas, as Carglass in Belgium, France, Holland and Germany. We've rethought what we're doing, and the aim is to spread the logo across Europe. Now motor racing has done us a lot of good in the past, and the television and hospitality opportunities afforded by a booming Formula One should allow local companies to exploit the connection. "We were, in fact, approached by a couple of other teams, but we had a very good feeling about our relationship with March. All right, we're not a Camel or a Marlboro in terms of a Grand Prix profile — not yet! — and the deal with Mr Akagi, Ian Phillips and his team is initially for this season only; but we look forward to making our presence felt this year and who knows how we might build on that relationship." Mind you, a whisper from within the camp suggests we can look forward to another complete rethink — of the car's 1990 colour scheme...



New names on new March in Monaco (Freezing Speed/Blackmore)

New rules from Formula One's governing body FISA.

Following a meeting with the constructors in Monaco, these rules will be instituted immediately — banning the use of refrigerated or pressurized fuel; improvement of the structure of the front wings to increase their durability during racing; and permitting the changing of tyres in the event of a restart.

For 1990 FISA has confirmed the following regulations; enlarging the cockpit opening; improving rearward visibility; increasing the interior dimensions of the cockpit; increasing the height and strength of the roll bars; increasing driver protection by raising the sides of the survival tub by 10cm; and creating a new crash test of the complete monocoque which must be able to accept a 20 percent increase in absorbed energy. Following Gerhard Berger's accident in Imola, FISA plans to decrease fire hazards with new fuel tank regulations to be determined at a later date. And FISA plans to inspect the medical facilities at the remaining tracks on the 1989 Formula One schedule.

The March Group PLC has sold its Formula One team, Formula 3000 operations and .4 scale wind tunnel to Japanese business man Akira Akagi for 6.25 million pounds. Akagi, who owns the Leyton House company which sponsors the Formula One team, also accepted the "cancellation" of his 20 percent share holding in March. Due in part to the poor performance by its CART and Formula 3000 cars in 1988, March recorded losses of 4.49 million pounds that year. March retains its Porsche and Alfa Romeo Indy Car projects, RALT and the Comtec company. A press release issued in Monaco stated that the sale to Akagi was part of a major restructuring of the company.

Canon Williams protested the disqualification of driver Thierry Boutsen from fourth place in the San Marino Grand Prix. When the race was stopped following Gerhard Berger's accident, the Williams crew discovered a flat rear tyre on Boutsen's car. The team then asked the stewards of the meet if it was legal for them to change the tyre. Frank Williams: "The stewards said 'leave us alone, we have a major accident to take care off'. So we went to the next senior man — the race director." For safety reasons, he allowed the team to push the car into the pits to

change the tyre. When Ligier protested Williams, the stewards over ruled the race director and disqualified Boutsen. Williams filed an appeal. "If logic prevails," Frank says, "we should win the case. The difficulty is for the court of the FIA to be seen over ruling a decision of their officials. That's why most courts of appeal back the establishment, not the competitor." Happy outcome for Frank: the appeal stood, restoring three points to Williams and Boutsen for fourth place, but demoting Gabriele Tarquini's AGS from that precious point-scoring sixth position — but happily Gabriele did the business again in Mexico.



Boutsen's Williams: reinstated after Imola... (John Townsend)

Joys of sponsorship: while Senna's Marlboro McLaren was romping home in Mexico, up north at the Brickyard Emerson Fittipaldi was taking a dramatic victory in the Indianapolis 500 in his Patrick Racing Penske-Chevrolet, backed by... Marlboro. Nice double.

Since the start of the 1986 season every Grand Prix victory has been scored by one of only five drivers — Gerhard Berger, Nigel Mansell, Nelson Piquet, Alain Prost and Ayrton Senna. Keke Rosberg won in Australia at the end of 1985. The win streak by the gang of five is now 52 and counting.

The Leyton House March team debuted its new CG891 chassis and the 1989 spec Judd engine in Monaco. Drivers Mauricio Gugelmin and Ivan Capelli spent most of the weekend dialing in the latest creations by Adrian Newey. Lotus and McLaren have notified March team manager Ian Phillips that they will probably protest the new March sometime in the future. The protest would concern the foot-box which, Phillips says, is a "grey rule area."

Practice and qualifying in Monaco are held on Thursday and Saturday. With Friday being a light work day, half a

dozen of the Camel Team Lotus mechanics accepted Nelson Piquet's invitation to spend an after-noon on his new boat. "Nelson's rowboat," as tyreman Clive Hicks called it, is 35 metres long and comes complete with its own helicopter.

Philippe Streiff, who suffered serious injuries in a testing accident in Brazil in April, has left the hospital and gone to a rehabilitation centre. He has regained some sensation in his upper body, but remains paralysed from the waist down. Readers can send their cards and letters to Philippe at: Service Presse AGS, 32 Boulevard Flandrin, 75116 Paris, France.



Alex Caffi was also jumping for joy after being reinstated. (LAT)

"I have never done it before," Nigel Mansell said proudly. "It" was the back to back eagles that he shot during a golf game on the Isle of Man. On two successive holes he shot two under par. Each drive landed about a metre from the hole and he needed only one putt to sink each ball. "Then I shot seven on the next hole!" he said. Mansell has been putting in some hours as a co-pilot in Harrier fighter jets. Recently he and the pilot got permission to "buzz" the deck of their aircraft carrier. (Like "Maverick" Tom Cruise kept doing in the film *Top Gun*.) How low did they go? Mansell wasn't about to tell.



Mansell: flying in more than the Ferrari! (Allsport/Pascal Rondeau)

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ON THE OTHER HAND

In the unlikely event of the temperatures in Monte Carlo falling below freezing point, the Monegasques can now refer to the meteorological decline as 'Bronze Cat' weather.

Since our last visit to the Principality, a large cat has appeared in Casino Square. Fashioned in bronze by Fernando Botero, the creature looks as though it has been acquainted with Ben Johnson and a course of steroids. And, while the species may only be determined by large whiskers at the front, the rear end leaves no doubt about the animal's gender.

Botero is a talented (it says here) and well-known sculptor from Mexico — which explains a lot. It also means the model for his excesses in bronze was certainly not found among the undernourished moggies roaming the streets of Botero's capital city.

Mexico City, for all the smiling optimism of the locals, has little to recommend it. And Alain Prost's views of racing there may be forever coloured by the 95 minutes of apparent humiliation suffered at the hands of Ayrton Senna on 28th May.

It seemed, quite simply, that 'The Professor' got it wrong when Senna out-guessed him on the question of tyre choice. It was as catastrophic as Michael Fish informing the nation in October 1987 that rumours of a hurricane were greatly exaggerated. The damage inflicted on Prost's reputation was just as devastating although it should be said that the McLaren team did not help by twice fitting the wrong tyres each time Prost stopped to put matters right. So, the initial tyre choice was down to Prost. At least he admitted that. But he also expressed concern over the manner in which Senna's engine appeared to have an edge which



Nice legs, shame about the... Monaco's new weather vane!

(John Townsend)

kept Prost at arm's length — even when Alain tried to slip-stream Ayrton in the early laps. The most telling factor of all, though, was the manner in which Senna whistled past Prost not long after Alain had stopped for fresh tyres. Just when you would have expected Alain to pull away — and he said he was much quicker through the last corner — Ayrton appeared to have the use once more of a turbo boost button.

McLaren will rightly be appalled by the suggestion that they are anything less than fair in these matters. The drivers drew engine numbers from a hat — presumably they declined the use of the FISA President's chapeau since the numbers would have been lost within its vast expanse — but such a seemingly equitable piece of team management has nothing more than cosmetic value and merely deflects any criticism towards

Honda. Perhaps that's the intention. Ever since Honda began to dominate in Formula One, there have been muttered accusations of favouritism which, it has to be said, usually emanate from the man who finished second. Certainly, Honda's stunning technology is such that a chip the size of a razor blade can make a ten per cent difference in fuel consumption. Think of what that is worth in terms of weight saving. And whatever chip Senna had on board in Mexico, it seemed better cooked than the version which was causing Prost to simmer gently in his car.

All of this came at a bad time for Alain. One topic of conversation, exchanged in hushed, almost disbelieving tones, concerned his admission that he had not been driving as hard as he could during the final stages of the Monaco Grand Prix, when all seemed lost to his precocious

teammate. Certainly, Prost's lap times tell the story. He set the fastest lap at three-quarter distance and then rolled off his pace by around two seconds a lap. Had he remained at speed, he might have been able to force Senna into an error as he struggled with gearbox trouble.

You have to admire Prost's honesty; others would have blamed everyone from the chief designer to the man who paints the white lines on the streets of the Principality. None the less, the admission sent ripples of shock through the paddock in Mexico City.

"I couldn't believe it," said Derek Warwick. "Prost, for me, has always been The Man. I've always looked up to him. Now, for the first time, I've got my doubts. I just don't know how a driver can do anything but go flat out in a situation like that."

Martin Brundle agreed, but added an interesting rider. "I think he should have tried harder. Look what he did to Ayrton at Monaco in 1988; he could have forced another mistake this time. But maybe it's okay to do that if you've won 35 Grands Prix. Who am I to say? Maybe that's part of the reason for his success; I don't know."

Ken Tyrrell wished for more time to consider the facts: "I would like to examine the lap times in more detail before saying anything because, as I understand it, Senna had lost first gear but he didn't lose second until near the end. In which case he would have been difficult to catch. But, whatever happened, I suppose you have to say there was no need for Prost to give up like that. It was very surprising."

Ken, of course, knows the true meaning of dogged persistence. The team in the Marks & Spencer gear has embarrassed expensively clothed rivals with 10 times the budget and there was genuine pleasure to be derived from Michele Alboreto's third place in Mexico.

From the moment the 018 Tyrrell appeared for the first time at Imola, Tyrrell have endured the frustration similar to a child receiving an expensive toy for Christmas, only to discover it has no batteries. The reputations of Harvey Postlethwaite and Jean-Claude Migeot hung on 018, of course, and when Jonathan Palmer finished sixth on the road at Imola, Harvey removed his head-set, looked to the heavens and shut his eyes.

The car clearly worked — and worked well. And, for quite some time after-

wards, Ken stood transfixed by the Longines monitor, almost as if he couldn't believe the figures displayed before him. The contrast with the McLaren men further along the pit lane was stark.

Here was Tyrrell with the monitor balanced on the pit wall — no fancy platform for the pit crew to work from; not even an umbrella to provide shade. McLaren, meanwhile, were casually taking apart a tubular structure which would have confounded an expert scaffolder from Dublin.



Critical moment: Senna whistled past re-tyred Prost (Allsport/Pascal Rondeau)

Critical gaze: Prost doubtful about engine equality (Allsport/Vandystadt)



A second 018 chassis was ready for Monaco — just. To get there, Tyrrell had to take two cars and Ken, now eligible for a pension, drove one of them some of the distance. He has retained his HGV licence from the days Tyrrell Bros., Lumber Merchants operated out of the same yard where the team is now based.

Apprehensive at first, Ken soon got the feel of the £65,000 MAN unit. He enjoyed every minute and did much to deflate the pomposity of his rivals. But how he can smile while working without a financial safety net, I don't know. There he was, watching his two cars being hurled round Monaco in knowledge that there were no spares and only a handful of engines. It was much for Palmer and Alboreto that they brought the cars home with a mark to either the equipment or the team's overdraft.

And, even when Jonathan performed a staggering high-speed spin which ended against the tyre barrier opposite the pits in Mexico, Ken remained calm. Mind you, he stopped smiling, but the grin returned when it was discovered that the chassis was undamaged. Which was just as well since there was no spare car. But, even so, the shunt wiped off the nose cone (value \$90,000 minimum) and the rear wing. Happily they had a new nose available simply because it had been reasoned that this was one spare no team could do without. And, by good fortune, Ken had brought one of the latest wings with him as last-minute baggage. Then Michele, using one of the only six engines available (about a third of the number a team needs in order to be fully competitive



Critical performance: Alboreto in the 018 brought smiles to Tyrrell faces (Allsport/Vandystadt)



finished third as he hung on to the Williams-Renault of Riccardo Patrese. At the end of the fourth round, the Constructors' Championship showed Tyrrell with seven points: Lotus, Zero. Lotus have come under strong attack in the press recently, mainly due to the seemingly inept performances by their three-times World Champion. At Mexico, Nelson Piquet looked pathetic. Watching from the entrance to the daunting 180 degree banked turn, it was as plain as the bright yellow Camel colour scheme that Satoru Nakajima was in a different league going through this corner. Nelson had all the uncertainty of a novice and I'm sure there were good reasons for this. Or, at least, one hopes so since Frank Dernie's car is surely not as bad as Piquet made it look.

It is very easy to criticise from the sidelines, just as it is easy to say that journalists don't know the full facts. But you couldn't help but wonder what must have been going through the minds of the Camel personnel as the multi-sponsored yellow car lurched round the Autodromo Hermanos Rodriguez in vain pursuit of the plain blue Tyrrell.

Some say that Nelson has simply lost his balls but, whatever the reason, that is hardly an accusation which can be levelled against Signor Botero's masterpiece in Casino Square. □

Feeling small: Piquet had a dismal Mexico

(LAT)

1989 FORMULA ONE GRAND PRIX CHAMPIONSHIP — RACE NO. 3

RACE REPORT MONACO

DAVID TREMAYNE



(Keith S)

It could have been the best race of the season so far. Indeed, it *should* have been. The 1989 Monaco Grand Prix had all the ingredients for a stunning encounter.

Ayrton Senna had taken his 32nd pole position — one short of Jimmy Clark's record, with a stupendous performance.

He and Alain Prost were in a state of open warfare following Senna violating an agreement they had made about passing manoeuvres in the early laps of a race. That was why Prost had been so angry in Imola. Ron Dennis had tried to oil the water by saying Ayrton had apologised to Alain during pre-race testing at Pembrey. Ayrton, meanwhile, remained silent, but intimidated to friends that if Prost didn't like things, he could always try to catch him.

In the race, that was precisely what he did. Everyone got through the first lap scramble at Ste Devote without so much as a crunched nose, but by the end of it Senna looked long gone as he stretched open a two second gap.

Prost wasn't hanging about either; lap for lap he tracked his rival, jinking a little here, feinting there, trying all his subtle Terrorist tactics to unsettle him.

It looked good, and it augured well for the race's prospects, especially as Senna's reduced pace allowed Thierry Boutsen, Nigel Mansell and Martin Brundle to close up.

It went wrong for spectators on lap 16, when Senna managed to lap Gugelmin just before Tabac, whereas Alain simply came across him at a bad point. Senna, canny as ever, put on a little spurt to cement his new cushion, and thereafter the traffic as ever, worked in his favour.

Prost was eight seconds the wrong side of Senna, when he came up to lap his old Renault team-mate and adversary Rene Arnoux. Senna had caught the Ligier in just the right spot to pass before Ste Devote. Alain was less fortunate. It was hard to recall that the man stumbling round in the blue J333 was the same one who had dominated the 1982 race, or piled round crumbling, heat-baked Dallas in 1984 to finish second. In Monaco, Rene was a bloody liability.

When he finally barged past at Loews (he can do it when he wants) Prost set off after Senna again, and again he was delayed. This time the lamentably tardy Nelson Piquet didn't see Andrea de Cesaris flying down the inside at Loews to lap him. When he turned in the two

cars touched and sat side by side, interlocked in mutual disharmony, until the marshals pulled them apart. Prost was delayed a long time as traffic queued to squeeze through. It was enough to spell *finis* to his aspirations, but predictably he saw the funny side of it. "It was a joke," he shrugged. "I almost laughed in my helmet. But, this is Monaco!"

What nobody knew was that Senna was in serious trouble as the race moved on. First gear had begun jumping out of engagement, and he adapted by using second in the hairpins. Then that gear packed up, and he was badly compromised. "I had to start shaving walls, sliding the car, to try and maintain an acceptable average. Above all, I didn't want Alain to get any ideas. I was in trouble."

It was a cunning ploy, brilliantly executed. Prost never did get a small victory in crushing style. Prost the fastest race lap and six points to share the World Championship lead.

Williams left with nothing, just points less 10th and 15th places for Thierry Boutsen and Riccardo Patrese respectively after qualifying had promised much more. The Belgian loved his Renault's torque and power, the FW120's

traction, but nevertheless planted it firmly in third slot on the grid. And there he stayed, comfortably, in the race, until the unthinkable happened. His rear wing broke.

Patrick Head is still mortified that the rear suspension broke in Rio. The Boutsen failure taxed him greatly, since Patrese's car, delayed already and obliged to start from the rear when low fuel pressure prevented him getting away on the final parade lap, had suffered a similar fate.

After the delays Patrese in particular stormed back, but both had lost too much time. The message was clear, though; FW13 cannot come too soon to close the gap to McLaren.

Ferrari, too, left Monaco disappointed, and torn by political problems following two worrying failures during qualifying. The good news was that Gerhard Berger was present to watch, looking fit. The bad news is that Mansell had a rear suspension breakage on Thursday morning, a front wing failure on Saturday morning. Both occurred in Casino Square, neither impressed him. Each time only skill and a lot of luck kept him out of the walls.

Shrugging aside fears of his health, Mansell got straight back to work in the spare each time, and wound up fifth on the grid, liking the advantage of his semi-automatic gearbox on upchanges, less convinced of its merit changing down. He beat Brundle off the line to grab fourth, took third with Boutsen's demise, and was then passed by Martin as he began to struggle for gears. Then the electronics quit again, and that was that.

Brundle looked destined for better things, especially as he coolly passed Mansell by the pits on lap 27. Then fate dealt a cruel blow. A small top-end misfire became something more serious, and he slammed in to the pits for a fresh battery. The old, discharged unit is located beneath his seat, so he had to hop out for agonising seconds as it was changed. He boiled back into the race 10th, and managed to salvage sixth by the flag, together with second fastest race lap.

If the Englishman's superb performance went unrewarded, Brabham still salvaged something, as Stefano Modena swept smoothly and unobtrusively into Brundle's position and held it to the end. Minor changes to the two Biotron BT58s, particularly to their brakes, had prevented their pre-qualifying pace evaporating as the weekend wore on, and both drivers capitalised fully on solid grid positions. Their performances were also a telling indication of Pirelli's progress.

In fact, Dario Calsavara and his men were rubbing their hands, with Alex Caffi taking his Scuderia Italia Dallara to an excellent fourth. He might even have been able to challenge



Above: No slip-up this time: Senna was untouchable
Below: You push, I'll pull... De Cesaris and Piquet tangle as Alboreto squeezes through

(LAT)
(Nigel Snowden)



Modena for third, had he not made a poor start and fallen behind Gabriele Tarquini's finely driven AGS for the first 44 laps. As the two circulated nose to tail, the former Formula 3000 champ was able to eke out an insuperable margin.

De Cesaris, too, was in rare old form in his BMS 189. Sixth by lap three, he seemed a surefire bet either to challenge Modena or throw his car into the wall. Instead, Piquet took him out in that crass move, and thereafter he pounded back to a frustrated 13th.

Tarquini made a big impression, especially when he snatched fifth quickest time in Thursday's qualifying. He dropped to 13th on the grid by Saturday, but that was nevertheless a terrific effort. Sadly, his engine began misfiring from lap 10, and finally expired as he came through Loews on lap 47.

The other great hard luck story of the meeting concerned Derek Warwick. Always a Monaco specialist, he went there brimful of optimism, and only an incorrect assumption on the state of the track and the right time to use his two sets of qualifiers 'restricted' him to sixth on the grid. "In retrospect, it wasn't as bad as I'd thought and it worked against me," he admitted.

Despite that he was a comfortable sixth, containing de Cesaris, for the first two laps, no doubt breathing a sigh of relief after causing the first start to be aborted when a snagging clutch stalled his DFR. Then, as he came down the hill from Casino Square, the USF&G Arrows' began to plume smoke from an electrical short circuit. By Portier it was all over.

Arrows nearly scored a point, thanks to Eddie Cheever. The likeable American couldn't balance his A11 all weekend, but had survived his way to seventh

by lap 69. He was chasing Ivan Capelli, whose debutant March CG891 was trailing a plume of smoke from its left exhaust that tantalised observers each time round. By the time the Leyton House machine expired, however, Brundle had swept by Eddie to profit instead.

For March, Monaco was a trial. All through qualifying Capelli and Gugelmin struggled to unlearn their 881 experience and to adapt to the new CG891's totally different characteristics, but Mauricio's jammed in first on the warm-up lap and forced him to race the relatively unsorted 881, which eventually seized its Judd. Capelli, meanwhile, had scrapped with Arnoux at Loews on lap one and damaged the bodywork that protects the electrics, and 'electrical trouble was the reason given for his late stoppage near Rascasse. The one consolation was that the team has at least got some race experience with its new car and engine.

Tyrrell had been in that position in Imola, where Palmer had taken fifth, and in Monaco Michele Alboreto repeated that result after a smooth run under continual pressure from Sandro Nannini's gripless Benetton until the latter's brakes began fading. Michele was a little lucky. He'd refused to drive an old 017B on Thursday, preferring to wait for his 018 to arrive for Saturday, whereupon he promptly found a clear lap and went a second faster than team-mate Palmer. JP was further irritated when, having let Michele lap him in order to have a go at Arnoux, he subsequently found the Italian holding him up once they'd both passed the Ligier. Holding him up, and displaying reluctance to let him by... Once he did overtake, Palmer pulled away markedly.

Part of Palmer's problem was shared by Piquet and Herbert: Arnoux. Lap after lap he played blocker to a large crocodile, eventually chopping Herbert as he had done in qualifying, and hitting one of his front wings. It was all the Briton needed as he struggled with what has suddenly become an uncompetitive car. For Benetton, the B189 could not race soon enough.

Like Dallara, Minardi looked good as Martini qualified 11th, but his race lasted three laps before his clutch broke, and slower team-mate Sala had his engine blow. There was a cheer for Coloni, however, as 1985 Monaco Formula Three winner Pierre-Henri Raphanel and Roberto Moreno qualified. The former ran well ahead of Piquet until his gearbox broke, while Roberto wrestled with poor handling until suffering the same fate.

Piquet's tangle with de Cesaris, frankly, must have been a relief, for it put Lotus fans out of the misery of watching its supposed team leader trundling aimlessly round, mesmerised by Raphanel's gearbox.

The race's other Frenchmen were

out of luck. Alliot ran in a midfield bunch comprising Alboreto, Nannini, himself, Cheever and Capelli, until his Lamborghini engine lost its edge, while Grouillard again overshadowed Arnoux but retired early with broken transmission. Dalmás, like Christian Danner in the Rial and Satoru Nakajima in the second Lotus 101, failed to make the qualifying cut. Osella just missed out on prequalifying Piercarlo

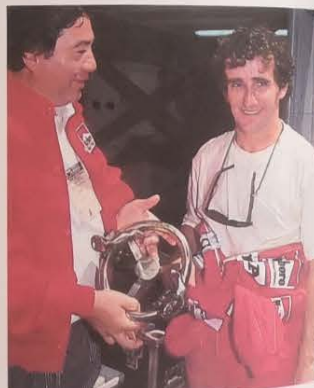
Ghinzani, but Onyx, West Zakspeed, Foitek in The Euro Brun, Weidner in the second Rial and Winkelhock in the second AGS were all too slow to become part of the select quarter which went through to official qualifying. But when you think that three of the four were Brundle, Modena and Caffi, who all showed so well in the race, perhaps that was nothing to be ashamed of. □



Left: Mighty Modena put Brabham back on the rostrum
Centre Left: Eyes right, and everything else, as Caffi collected those precious first points

(Keith Sutton)
Centre Right: Prost was delayed by the De Cesaris-Piquet incident but raised a smile off-track

(Sporting Pictures)
Bottom: Fiat battery, but Brundle sparked and saved sixth place



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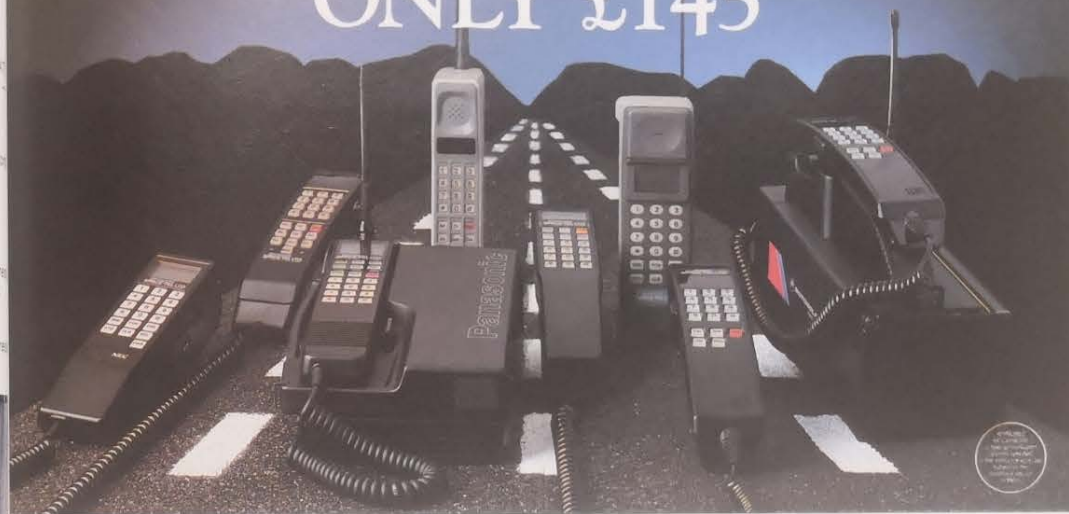


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1993 FORMULA ONE GRAND PRIX CHAMPIONSHIP — RACE NO. 4

RACE REPORT

MEXICO

DAVID TREMPER

Ayrton Senna and Alain Prost moved further apart in the World Championship chase — figuratively and literally — as the former dominated the Mexican Grand Prix to take his 17th victory and his third of the season. The Brazilian, starting from his 33rd pole position and thus equalling the record set by Jim Clark, breezed the race after a canny tyre choice. On the abrasive, notoriously bumpy Autodromo Hermanos Rodriguez, he opted for Goodyear's harder B compound radials on his left wheels, and the softer Cs on the right. Prost, seeking an advantage and to exploit his legendary kindness to his tyres, went for Cs all round. It was a mistake. Interestingly, the other strong Goodyear runner, Ferrari ran Cs all round on its brace of F1/89s, but where the John Barnard chassis were easy on their tyres, Prost's McLaren wasn't. After hounding Senna initially, the Frenchman pitted with a blistered left front. By this time he had decided Bs were the way to go on the left-hand side, but by mistake he was given a C on the left rear. Having recovered to fifth place,

this then blistered and he had to start over again after another stop. What really disgruntled him, apart from that and unpredictable handling thought to have been caused on his original Cs by tyre pressures that rose with the temperature, was the way Senna could outgun him on the main straight. The Frenchman left no doubt that he is unhappy with the equality of engines, even though he and Senna are said to choose them by drawing numbers out of a hat. He hinted darkly that that would be a factor exerting serious influence when he comes to make up his mind by June whether to stay with McLaren for a seventh season. Already, the rumour mill suggests he is entertaining a big offer from Williams-Renault... Senna won as he pleased as Prost recovered for fifth, but once again the Ferraris didn't make the flag. In Mexico a new overhead air intake improved the V12's punch, and the red cars were closer to the McLarens than they have been since Rio, an encouragement as development engines are said to be in the pipeline. However, one

team insider remarked of the latter: "Yes, the same way the cheque is always in the post." Gerhard Berger duly appeared at the wheel of the second car, spurred into action when Cesare Fiorio proposed to give Nicola Larini a run should he prove unfit, and the Austrian did a brave job to qualify sixth and run ahead of Mansell for third for a while. The Englishman soon blasted by, and set fastest lap as he chased Senna from 10 seconds back, but both cars eventually succumbed to gearbox failure. Promise was also unfulfilled in the March camp, where Ivan Capelli pulled the team out of the mire on Friday's qualifying by setting a superb fourth fastest time on Saturday. Adrian Newey and his crew were now beginning to understand what makes their CG89 tick and Capelli was delighted with it. Mexico, however, simply wasn't destined to be Leyton House March's race. When Stefano Modena spun his Brabham into the 180 degree banked Peralta right-hander on the opening lap, a whole series of little incidents was triggered off and

the race was black-flagged. Capelli had done a wall of death act around Peralta's tyre wall, damaging a brake pipe, so he was hurriedly strapped into Mauricio Gugelmin's car which the unlucky Brazilian had been unable to qualify. At the second start, Ivan was late away and started from the pit lane, but lasted less than two laps before a drive shaft joint sheared. The way was then left clear for Riccardo Patrese and his Williams-Renault. In the initial laps he and teammate Thierry Boutsen circled nose to tail until the Belgian's car suffered the same electric cut out that had brought the Italian to a halt during Friday's free practice. Thereafter Riccardo concentrated on bringing his B-shod car home a strong second ahead of Michele Alboreto's C-shod Tyrrell.

Uncle Ken's new car impressed greatly in Mexico, where its aerodynamic excellence saw Jonathan Palmer and Michele well up all weekend, and only an off at Peralta on Saturday morning prevented Palmer backing Alboreto more. At the time of his shunt, which did little damage, he was holding fastest time...

From a lowly grid position Palmer charged up to 12th when his throttle cable broke. Michele meanwhile ran very comfortably behind the Williams duo and was able to begin pressurising Patrese until he felt his DFR-spec DFZ beginning to lose its edge. He had used the same unit for qualifying so eased back a little to finish an excellent third ahead of Sandro Nannini's Benetton. The Witney team had had its hopes of debuting its fast new B189 in Mexico, but had persistent problems with crankshaft vibration on Ford's new V8, so the trusty but overweight B188s were pressed back into service. Nannini did a solid job for another three points, but loss of fourth then third gears kept teammate Johnny Herbert well out of the picture. The final point in what became a deadly dull race fell to the Italian Gabriele Tarquini, who drove superbly in the AGS JH23 to hound Derek Warwick for the first 35 laps. The Englishman had lost third gear in his Arrows on lap two, but struggled on until his electrics cut out, leaving Tarquini a clear run for the French team's first proper World Championship

Top: I'm so lonesome I could cry all the way to another title — Senna out on his own again

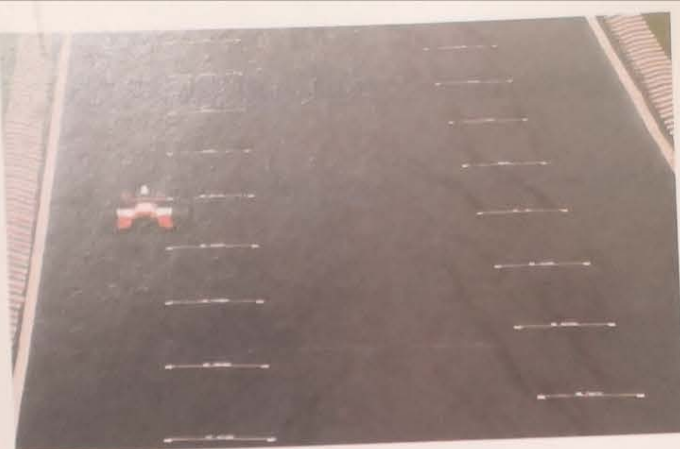
(Allsport/Pascal Rondeau)

Above: Splendid isolation for Patrese, too, en route to the rostrum

(Allsport/Vandystadt)

Right: Johansson became visible again in Mexico, welcome back, and welcome to Onyx for the first time

(Allsport/Vandystadt)





point. (The appeal by Williams and Dallara having taken away the one he was given following their disqualification at Imola). Eddie Cheever in the other Arrows hauled himself from 24th to seventh, but for the third race in a row just missed out on a point.

Both Ligiers lost their clutches after eight and 10 laps respectively, but that did not stop the impressive Grouillard bringing his home a solid eighth ahead of the slow-on-the-straight Brabhams of Brundle and Modena, but all of them would have been headed by Stefan Johansson in the new Onyx had its clutch not expired. The Swede prequalified the car for the first time and was charging, catching Nannini by half a second a lap, when the failure occurred.

That was a more impressive performance than either of the Lotuses, the press-on Nakajima spinning off when third gear jumped out once too often, Nelson Piquet qualifying last and finishing a lacklustre 11th. The Dallaras were also out of luck, Caffi spinning when as high as 14th, De Cesaris dropping out with low fuel pressure. Alliot's sole-qualifying Lola was troubled with electrical gremlins throughout as the flywheel's

Above: Clash of wills — and the Lotus would not come home when Nakajima wanted it to

(Allsport/Vandystadt)
Right: McLaren or Honda? For Prost, the difference could prove crucial...
(Allsport/Vandystadt)



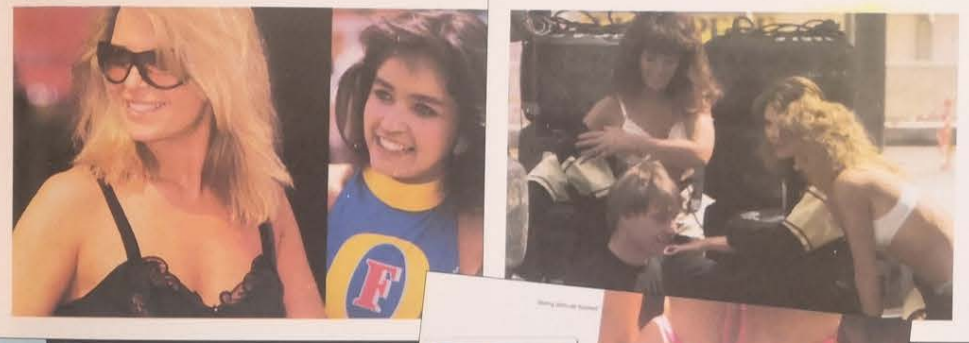
ignition sensor gave trouble, while Pier-Luigi Martini had a fight on his hands in the new Minardi M189, which proved most unhappy over the bumps. That was in marked contrast to the Lola, which handled them better than anything else. Martini's struggle was finally halted by engine failure.

While Volker Weidler joined Bertrand Gachot, Gregor Foitek, Nicola Larini, Piercarlo Ghinzani, Joachim Winkelhock and the Zak-speed duo in failing to prequalify, Christian Danner brought his Rial home 12th after an undramatic but trouble-free run.

The 1989 Mexican Grand Prix

was anything but a memorable event, but it provided Senna with revenge for his 1988 beating at Prost's hands. More than that, however, it showed that there are chinks in McLaren's armour and drove yet another nail into the coffin of Prost's relationship with the team he did so much to push forward in the mid Eighties. Within the business he is looked upon as a McLaren driver who uses a Honda engine. Senna, by contrast, is a Honda driver who uses a McLaren chassis. The difference may be small, but the signs are it could prove critical...

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1989 FORMULA ONE GRAND PRIX
ROUND FOUR

MEXICO

Autodromo Hermanos Rodriguez,
Mexico City
28th May 1989

Circuit Length: 2.747 miles/4.421km

Laps: 69



**Drivers'
World Championship**

Pos.	Driver	Total
1	Ayrton Senna	27
2	Alain Prost	20
3	Nigel Mansell	9
4	Alessandro Nannini	8
5	Michele Alboreto	6
	Riccardo Patrese	6
7	Mauricio Gugelmin	4
	Stefano Modena	4
	Derek Warwick	4
10	Thierry Boutsen	3*
	Alex Caffi	3
	Johnny Herbert	3
13	Martin Brundle	1
	Jonathan Palmer	1
	Gabriele Tarquini	1

*Reinstated to 4th in San Marino GP — subject to confirmation

**Constructors'
World Championship**

Pos.	Team	Total
1	McLaren	47
2	Benetton	11
3	Ferrari	9
	Williams	9
5	Tyrrell	7
6	Brabham	5
7	Arrows	4
	March	4
9	Dallara	3
10	AGS	1

*Reinstated to 4th place in San Marino GP — subject to confirmation

Official Starting Grid

Alain Prost	1 18.773	2	1	Ayrton Senna	1 17.800
McLaren-Honda				McLaren-Honda	
Ivan Capelli	1 19.337	16	27	Nigel Mansell	1 19.000
March-Judd				Ferrari	
Gerhard Berger	1 19.835	28	6	Riccardo Patrese	1 18.500
Ferrari				Williams-Renault	
Thierry Boutsen	1 20.234	5	4	Michele Alboreto	1 20.000
Williams-Renault				Tyrrell-DFR	
Derek Warwick	1 20.601	9	8	Stefano Modena	1 20.500
Arrows-DFR				Brabham-Judd	
Andrea De Cesaris	1 20.873	22	26	Olivier Grouillard	1 20.800
Dallara-DFR				Ligier-DFR	
Jonathan Palmer	1 20.888	3	19	Alessandro Nannini	1 20.800
Tyrrell-DFR				Benetton-Ford	
Philippe Alliot	1 21.031	30	12	Satoru Nakajima	1 20.947
Lola-Lamborghini				Lotus-Judd	
Johnny Herbert	1 21.105	20	40	Gabriele Tarquini	1 21.031
Benetton-Ford				AGS-DFR	
Martin Brundle	1 21.217	7	21	Alex Caffi	1 21.136
Brabham-Judd				Dallara-DFR	
Pierluigi Martini	1 21.471	23	36	Stefan Johansson	1 21.355
Minardi-DFR				Onyx-DFR	
Eddie Cheever	1 21.716	10	38	Christian Danner	1 21.636
Arrows-DFR				Rial-DFR	
Nelson Piquet	1 21.831	11	25	Rene Arnoux	1 21.831
Lotus-Judd				Ligier-DFR	

Race Classification

Pos.	Driver	No.	Nat.	Car	Laps	Time/Retirement
1	A. Senna	1	Bra	McLaren-Honda	69	1:35:21.431
2	R. Patrese	6	Ita	Williams-Renault	69	1:35:36.991
3	M. Alboreto	4	Ita	Tyrrell-DFR	69	1:35:52.885
4	A. Nannini	19	Ita	Benetton-Ford	69	1:36:06.926
5	A. Prost	2	Fra	McLaren-Honda	69	1:36:17.544
6	G. Tarquini	40	Ita	AGS-DFR	68	
7	E. Cheever	10	USA	Arrows-DFR	68	
8	O. Grouillard	26	Fra	Ligier-DFR	68	
9	M. Brundle	7	GB	Brabham-Judd	68	
10	S. Modena	8	Ita	Brabham-Judd	68	
11	N. Piquet	11	Bra	Lotus-Judd	68	
12	C. Danner	38	Ger	Rial-DFR	67	
13	A. Caffi	21	Ita	Dallara-DFR	67	
14	R. Arnoux	25	Fra	Ligier-DFR	66	
15	J. Herbert	20	GB	Benetton-Ford	66	
	P. Martini	23	Ita	Minardi-DFR	66	Engine
	N. Mansell	27	GB	Ferrari	44	Gearbox
	D. Warwick	9	GB	Arrows-DFR	36	Electrics
	S. Nakajima	12	Jap	Lotus-Judd	36	Accident
	P. Alliot	30	Fra	Lola-Lamborghini	28	
	A. De Cesaris	22	Ita	Dallara-DFR	21	Fuel pressure
	G. Berger	28	Aut	Ferrari	17	Gearbox
	S. Johansson	36	Swe	Onyx-DFR	17	Clutch
	T. Boutsen	5	Bel	Williams-Renault	16	Electrics
	J. Palmer	3	GB	Tyrrell-DFR	10	Throttle cable
	I. Capelli	16	Ita	March-Judd	2	CV joint

Fastest Lap: Nigel Mansell 1:20.430, 122.974mph/197.902 km/h

Non Qualifiers

No.	Name	Car
24	L. Sala	Minardi-DFR
15	M. Gugelmin	March-Judd
29	Y. Dalmas	Lola-Lamborghini
31	R. Moreno	Coloni-DFR

Non-Pre Qualifiers

No.	Name	Car
37	B. Gachot	Onyx-DFR
33	G. Foitek	EuroBrun-Judd
17	N. Larini	Osella-DFR
39	V. Weidler	Rial-DFR
34	B. Schneider	Zakspeed-Yamaha
35	A. Suzuki	Zakspeed-Yamaha
18	P. Ghinzani	Osella-DFR
41	J. Winkelhock	AGS-DFR
32	P. H. Raphanel	Coloni-DFR



1993 FORMULA ONE GRAND PRIX CHAMPIONSHIP — RACE NO. 5

RACE REPORT

USA

DAVID TREMAYNE

P psychological warfare is an interesting phenomenon. Take the respective summaries of the Phoenix GP of the USA, from Ayrton Senna and Alain Prost, as an example.

Senna: "It was the easiest race I'd ever driven at the front of a field. My car was perfect and I was in complete control."

Prost: "I had a very good chance of winning even when Senna was still ahead. My car felt very good today once its engine temperatures had fallen when I dropped back initially. For sure passing Ayrton would not have been easy, but I had a good chance."

This time Ron Dennis didn't have any accusations of engine favouritism to counter Prost was quiet on that front this weekend as he and Senna went their separate ways towards the ultimate goal. What he *did* have, however, was a shattered monocoque to contemplate, and thus no spare car for the race. For the first time in his McLaren career, Prost had actually destroyed a chassis when he backed his into the wall in Turn 13, the tricky double apex left hander

leading on to the pit straight, during Saturday's free practice.

It was one of those rare incidents, as rare as a race-day crowd in downtown Phoenix, but it didn't upset the little Frenchman unduly. What Senna said was probably the absolute truth: in between pitting with an electronic problem he was simply flying, and had done such a good job of bringing his tyres in that he radioed to his crew not to change them when he made his first pit call.

But Prost, too, had a point. He'd dropped eight seconds behind Ayrton at one stage after sitting right on his gearbox, then had the gap halved, and coming down further, when the Brazilian began to hit trouble. Either way, it didn't really matter to Dennis. One of his cars continued his team's incredible domination and that was what counted.

It's been said before, and it bears saying again, that it isn't McLaren that should be criticised for annihilating its opposition, but that very 'opposition' itself for being so damn ineffectual. As somebody remarked during the weekend of the

one race McLaren might have been expected to lose, it's as if everybody else is actually working for Ron. Now that's great for Woking. Trouble is, it isn't much good for motor racing in general and F1 in North America in particular.

Race promoter Jack Long had some interesting pre-event predictions, not the least of which was a crowd figure of 150,000. It's a moot point which was the less accurate: the local pronunciation of the winner's name as Alon Proast, or Long's calculation. The post-race official figure was 31,441 for race day, under 100,000 for the weekend...including free entry on Friday.

The problem was manifold. McLaren's domination doesn't help but isn't in itself the main reason. Promotion of the race was poor. Go a couple of miles uptown and nobody really knew what you were talking about when you mentioned the Gran Prix. America is a parochial place at the best of times, the more so in these parts.

Then there was the track itself. The last really good street race in the States was Long Beach, where a

reasonable circuit was blended with the organisational flair of expatriate Brit Christopher Robin Pook. Detroit was a joke; Phoenix only marginally less so. What nobody at FISA seems able to grasp is that American racegoers want to see *speed*. They don't want to hear F1 cars farting noisily on the over-run as they point and squirt between concrete walls at 80 to 100mph. One of the most damning pieces of newspaper copy on Detroit's initial race slammed F1 cars for averaging the sort of 80mph speeds any John or Jane Doe could reach on the freeway in their prehistoric two-ton barges! Okay, that was full of fallacies you or I could puncture in a moment! But the fact is, marginally interested American spectators don't stop to think like that. They don't stop to think that their dinosaurs might only average 20mph if they took to door-handling them round the streets against a stopwatch. They love figures, preferably high ones. And they want to be entertained, not to be knowledgeable enough to win a motorsport Mastermind.

With their homegrown classic at Indianapolis only the previous week, they could watch A1 Unser Junior and the Andrettis fighting it out with Emerson Fittipaldi at speeds well over 200mph. Indeed, Michael put in four laps at 220 according to Tyler Alexander. Phoenix was supposed to have an average speed around 115 to 120mph, but Senna's fastest lap turned out to be only 90.413.

Where are the great American circuits that would let the F1 cars show their true pace? Watkins Glen has gone firmly to closed wheel racing, but what's wrong with Elkhart Lake or Laguna Seca? We are told that the latter presents a crowd problem, but then so did Phoenix. It didn't have one...

Thank God for Eddie Cheever. The fact that he is a Phoenixian was pure coincidence, but it might just have made next year's race. Fortunately, the guy is a pure racer. As usual he had a qualifying full of aggravation and characterised by the search for balance. "I just can't drive a car with no front-end grip," he had wailed on Saturday night, almost tearing out his hair. "I told them to do anything to the goddam car. Change everything, make it run upside down. Just get me something that turns in." Well, the Arrows crew did, and he used it

brilliantly to run within inches of Riccardo Patrese's gearbox throughout. But for those two Phoenix would have been a dead duck. Instead, their battle kept things afloat right to the end.

In fact, if McLaren was taken from the equation, it wouldn't have been a bad race. Nigel Mansell or Gerhard Berger might have won, had their alternators not overheated in the 104 degrees F ambient temperature, and thus upset the electrical supply to their sensitive electro hydraulic gearboxes. Patrese and Cheever would have ended up fighting for the lead. The Brabhams of Brundle and Modena might have been less pushed and thus might not have boiled their brake fluid.

Even Alex Caffi might have been in there with a chance. The little

Italian showed well at Monaco, and in Phoenix that same fluid talent was again in evidence. With Mansell's demise he ran second to Prost in his brightest showing yet, and was fighting back hard in fifth after his stop for fresh Pirellis when he came up to lap his team mate de Cesaris. Now Andrea has a reputation for being hot-headed, and much of it is deserved. He'd hit the wall even on the formation lap, and though an earlier contretemps with Derek Warwick wasn't his fault (it eliminated the Briton and delayed the Dallara), his move on Caffi certainly was. As they squeezed down to Turn One on lap 53, Andrea simply moved him into the wall!

"One of our drivers should be in jail; the other should have finished second," said team manager Patri-



Phoenix-like recovery: Prost is a winner again

(Keith Sutton)

Happy homecoming: Phoenixian Cheever back on the rostrum

(Allsport/Pascal Rondeau)





Left: Spark recovered: Herbert was back in business (Allsport/Pascal Rondeau)

Right: Sunday in the USA: nice and quiet, not too many cars, with Brundle ahead of eventual second-place man Patrese (Keith Sutton)

attrition was obvious from Christian Danner's occupation of fourth place when the race was flagged after the legal maximum of two hours, when Prost had managed only 25 of the scheduled 80 laps. That's a slight on the German, more a summary of the car, for Guenther Schmidt's operation isn't the most organised nor fully financed, and the ARC 02 sounded dreadful with a split exhaust. Nevertheless, it did something neither Lotus managed.

In its 400th GP, the British team was as beleaguered as ever. This time the bored Nelson Piquet actually managed to outqualify his journeyman team-mate, but Nakajima was right on his tail when his throttle mechanism broke on lap 25. Thereafter, Piquet soldiered on and was preparing to challenge Herbert and Danner after stopping to have a plastic bag removed from a sidepod as his engine temperature had begun to rise alarmingly. At the same time he switched to a fresh set of Goodyear's soft C race tyres and was looking good for the points the team so desperately needs if it is to avoid having to prequalify early next year. He should have managed at least fourth, and three lovely points, but instead stuck the Lotus 101 in the wall exiting Turn 13. He may be bored driving what he deems an uncompetitive car, but one begins to wonder now if he really can do it anymore.

Besides Patrese and Cheever, Tarquini and a puncture-delayed Boutsen provided interest with a scrap to the line for sixth, which went the Belgian's way as the Italian was powerless to defend himself thanks to a misfire he'd had since lap two.

It wasn't an awful race, but it was one of those that really brought you up short, made you think. Maybe it was because Indy was so much in everyone's thoughts. Indy and Junior, and his charismatic charge to head Fittipaldi. The grass is always greener, but more than one reporter was heard to express the wish to be covering the CART series rather than F1, with its easy-to-predict outcomes. Phoenix was a timely reminder of just how one-sided F1 has become, and how hard it can be made to look. It may have no peer in Europe and most other parts, but on a Mickey Mouse circuit in the land of CART and NASCAR, it didn't bear close comparison.

1989 FORMULA ONE GRAND PRIX ROUND TWO

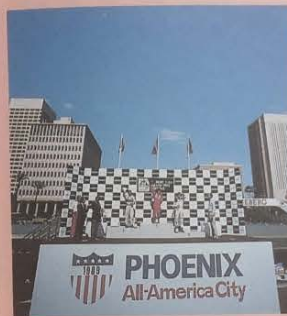
USA

Phoenix, Arizona

4th June 1989

Circuit Length: 2.361 miles/3.799 km

Laps: 75



Drivers' World Championship

Pos.	Driver	Total
1	Alain Prost	29
2	Ayrton Senna	27
3	Riccardo Patrese	12
4	Nigel Mansell	9
5	Alessandro Nannini	8
6	Michele Alboreto	6
7	Johnny Herbert	5
8	Thierry Boutsen	4
	Eddie Cheever	4
	Mauricio Gugelmin	4
	Stefano Modena	4
	Derek Warwick	4
13	Alex Caffi	3
	Christian Danner	3
15	Martin Brundle	1
	Jonathan Palmer	1
	Gabriele Tarquini	1

Constructors' World Championship

Pos.	Team	Total
1	McLaren	56
2	Williams	16
3	Benetton	13
4	Ferrari	9
5	Arrows	8
6	Tyrrell	7
7	Brabham	5
8	Leyton House	4
9	Dallara	3
	Rial	3
11	AGS	1

Official Starting Grid

Alain Prost	1.31.517	2	Ayrton Senna	1.30.108
McLaren-Honda			McLaren-Honda	
Nigel Mansell	1.31.927	27	Alessandro Nannini	1.31.799
Ferrari			Benetton-Ford	
Alex Caffi	1.32.160	21	Martin Brundle	1.31.960
Dallara-DFR			Brabham-Judd	
Gerhard Berger	1.32.364	28	Stefano Modena	1.32.286
Ferrari			Brabham-Judd	
Derek Warwick	1.32.492	9	Michele Alboreto	1.32.491
Arrows-DFR			Tyrrell-DFR	
Philippe Alliot	1.32.562	30	Ivan Capelli	1.32.493
Lola-Lamborghini			Leyton House-Judd	
Riccardo Patrese	1.32.795	6	Andrea De Cesaris	1.32.649
Williams-Renault			Dallara-DFR	
Thierry Boutsen	1.33.044	5	Pierluigi Martini	1.33.031
Williams-Renault			Minardi-DFR	
Mauricio Gugelmin	1.33.324	15	Eddie Cheever	1.33.214
Leyton House-Judd			Arrows-DFR	
Luis Perez Sala	1.33.724	24	Stefan Johansson	1.33.370
Minardi-DFR			Onyx-DFR	
Nelson Piquet	1.33.745	11	Jonathan Palmer	1.33.741
Lotus-Judd			Tyrrell-DFR	
Gabriele Tarquini	1.33.790	40	Satoru Nakajima	1.33.782
AGS-DFR			Lotus-Judd	
Christian Danner	1.33.848	38	Johnny Herbert	1.33.806
Rial-DFR			Benetton-Ford	

Race Classification

Pos.	Driver	No.	Nat.	Car	Laps	Time/Retirement
1	A. Prost	2	Fra	McLaren-Honda	75	2.01.33.133
2	R. Patrese	6	Ita	Williams-Renault	75	2.02.12.829
3	E. Cheever	10	USA	Arrows-DFR	75	2.02.16.343
4	C. Danner	38	Ger	Rial-DFR	74	
5	J. Herbert	20	GB	Benetton-Ford	74	
6	T. Boutsen	5	Bel	Williams-Renault	74	
7	G. Tarquini	40	Ita	AGS-DFR	73	
8	A. De Cesaris	22	Ita	Dallara-DFR	70	
9	J. Palmer	3	GB	Tyrrell-DFR	69	
R	G. Berger	28	Aut	Ferrari	61	Alternator
R	A. Caffi	21	Ita	Dallara-DFR	52	Accident with De Cesaris
R	N. Piquet	11	Bra	Lotus-Judd	52	Accident
R	S. Johansson	36	Swe	Onyx-DFR	50	Puncture/suspension
R	L. Sala	24	Spa	Minardi-DFR	46	Engine
R	A. Senna	1	Bra	McLaren-Honda	44	Electrics
R	M. Brundle	7	GB	Brabham-Judd	43	Brakes
R	S. Modena	8	Ita	Brabham-Judd	37	Brakes
R	N. Mansell	27	GB	Ferrari	31	Alternator
R	P. Martini	23	Ita	Minardi-DFR	26	Engine
R	S. Nakajima	12	Jap	Lotus-Judd	24	Throttle cable
R	I. Capelli	16	Ita	Leyton House-Judd	22	Transmission
R	M. Gugelmin	15	Bra	Leyton House-Judd	20	Black flag-adding fluids
R	M. Alboreto	4	Ita	Tyrrell-DFR	11	Gearbox
R	A. Nannini	19	Ita	Benetton-Ford	10	After-effects of accident
R	D. Warwick	9	GB	Arrows-DFR	7	Accident with De Cesaris
R	P. Alliot	30	Fra	Lola-Lamborghini	3	Spun, could not restart

Fastest Lap: Ayrton Senna 1.33.969, 90.413 mph/145.501 km/h

Non Qualifiers

No.	Name	Car
26	O. Grouillard	Ligier-DFR
31	R. Moreno	Coloni-DFR
25	R. Arnoux	Ligier-DFR
29	Y. Dalmas	Lola-Lamborghini

Non-Pre Qualifiers

No.	Name	Car
18	P. Ghinzani	Osella-DFR
32	P. H. Raphanel	Coloni-DFR
33	G. Foitek	EuroBrun-Judd
17	N. Larini	Osella-DFR
41	J. Winkelhock	AGS-DFR
39	V. Weidler	Rial-DFR
34	B. Schneider	Zakspeed-Yamaha
35	A. Suzuki	Zakspeed-Yamaha
37	B. Gachot	Onyx-DFR

RUNNING FOR HOME

TRACKING THROUGH BRITISH GP HISTORY

The British Grand Prix has visited only three circuits. Silverstone, which hosted the first-ever World Championship Grand Prix in 1950 has staged the race 22 times, Brands Hatch 12 times and Aintree on 5 occasions, the last in 1962. The thirty-nine World Championship British Grands Prix have been shared among 12 winning teams: Ferrari 9 times, Lotus and McLaren 8 each, and Williams on 4 occasions. Cooper and Tyrrell have 2 wins, while the singleton successes have gone to Alfa-Romeo, Vanwall, Mercedes, Brabham, Matra and Renault.



Starting point — but this is the man who finished first in the first-ever World Championship GP, Silverstone 1950: Giuseppe Farina/Alfa Romeo (LAT)

No fewer than six drivers have won World Championship British Grands Prix in cars of more than one make, but none has ever driven three different cars to victory. The six are: Moss (Mercedes/Vanwall), Brabham (Cooper/Brabham), Stewart (Matra/Tyrrell), Fittipaldi (Lotus/McLaren), Lauda (Ferrari/McLaren) and Prost (Renault/McLaren).



Breakthrough: Moss wins the British GP in a British car — Vanwall, 1957 (LAT)

The victor's garland has been worn by 35 drivers. The peerless Jim Clark won his national Grand Prix 5 times, including 4 consecutive firsts from 1962 to 1965. Next come Australian Jack Brabham and Austrian Niki Lauda with 3 victories, and the double winners are Froilan Gonzales, Alberto Ascari, Stirling Moss, Jackie Stewart, Emerson Fittipaldi, Alain Prost and Nigel Mansell. A total of 40 drivers have won those 39 races because Moss shared the spoils with Tony Brooks in 1957 — the first Britons to win their home Grand Prix in a British car.



Head and shoulders above the rest: Clark and Lotus won the British round five times (LAT)

One recent World Champion yet to win in Britain is Nelson Piquet despite nine attempts. Of current drivers who have won a Grand Prix those yet to win in Britain are Riccardo Patrese, Rene Arnoux, Michele Alboreto and Gerhard Berger. Among previous World Champions seven failed to win the British Grand Prix: Mike Hawthorn, Phil Hill, Graham Hill, John Surtees, Denny Hulme, Mario Andretti and Keke Rosberg. Statistics point to a McLaren victory in 1990. They have won eight times

in the last sixteen British Grands Prix, while in that same period Ferrari have triumphed just twice, their last success in Britain coming eleven years ago through Carlos Reutemann. Williams have scored four British victories in the last ten years, but we have to go back to 1966 and all that for the last Brabham win on home soil. No Tyrrell driver has emerged triumphant here since Jody Scheckter in 1974.



Elementary: Wattie's wondrous win '81 (LAT)

Among this year's teams McLaren have provided cars for seven British Grand Prix winners: Peter Revson, Emerson Fittipaldi, James Hunt, John Watson, Alain Prost, Ayrton Senna and Niki Lauda (twice). The nine Ferrari wins have been shared by seven drivers.

Only one driver has won the British Grand Prix in a car bearing his name: Jack Brabham in 1966.



Crest of a wave: Mansell was mighty in '87 (LAT)



Singing in the rain: Senna's '88 McLaren (LAT)

CHAUVINIST'S GUIDE TO THE BRITISH RUNNERS



MARTIN BRUNDLE
Three British Grands Prix: 1985 Tyrrell Renault, 7th; 1986 Tyrrell Renault, 5th; 1987 Zakspeed, 9th. Brilliant in Monaco, but lack of horses may find the Brabham's out round super quick Silverstone. Good outside bet.



JOHNNY HERBERT
First British Grand Prix, but the housewives' money will be on the youngster who is nearly as appealing as the car he drives. Went into the record books with points in his first Grand Prix — but many forget that but for PISA Adam Brundle would be remembered for the same reason.



NIGEL MANSELL
Seven British Grands Prix: 1982 Lotus/Ford, 2nd; 1983 Lotus/Renault, 4th; 1984 Lotus/Renault, 1st; 1985 Williams/Honda, 1st; 1986 Williams/Honda, 1st; 1987 Williams/Honda, 1st; 1988 Williams/Judd, 2nd. Despite English insularity Nigel must still be favourite for a home win despite his defection to Maranello. Superb victor in 1986 and 1987 but last year's second place in a profoundly uncompetitive car ranks alongside either of those drives.



JONATHAN PALMER
Five British Grands Prix: 1984 RAM/Hart, Acc; 1985 Zakspeed, 9th; 1986 Zakspeed, 9th; 1987 Tyrrell/Ford, 8th (1st N/A); 1988 Tyrrell/Ford, 8th. Palmer took the 'Jim Clark' honours in 1987 but has never really shone in his national race. The new G18 looks as if it might end that sequence for the living Doc.



DEREK WARWICK
Seven British Grands Prix: 1982 Toleman/Hart, 2nd; 1983 Toleman/Hart, 2nd; 1984 Renault, 2nd; 1985 Renault, 5th; 1986 Brabham/BMW, 8th; 1987 Arrows/Megatron, 5th; 1988 Arrows/Megatron, 6th. With Mansell, our most consistent performer on home tarmac and the one for whom victory would surely prove most popular — even if the possibility seems remote.



LAZY EVOLUTION

"HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE FOR A PENNY TO DROP?"

Sitting at home the other day idly trying to catch up with the latest moves in Formula One, I was struck by the sheer pace of development. The fact that most teams have paddock roamers who look at what the opposition is doing and can detect the slightest change of a cooling duct or some other gismo and adapt it to their car and test it in a matter of days is simply a mark of how serious and frantic Grand Prix racing is today. Thirty years ago a lot of important developments came along yet it took months for the penny to drop.

Having a crisis in Grand Prix racing is not new and we didn't need a Jean-Marie Balestre to induce one in those days for the cult of the personality had not reached the heights it has today. In 1957 the crisis was that the 2½ litre formula had reached the end of its span but the FIA decided to extend it with some important changes. From 1958 the cars would all have to run on the same fuel, 130 octane Avgas, rather than the brews which the various manufacturers had developed for their highly tuned engines. Ferrari for instance ran on a mix which contained 30% petrol, 30% Benzole and 40% Methanol and Maserati went further by adding Nitro-Methane to run their 250 Formula One's. The fuel change was not the only problem, from 1958 Grand Prix races would be shorter so you didn't need to carry so much fuel.

Early in 1957 when these changes were announced John Cooper twigged that with these new rulings a Formula Two car might be competitive and he entered a Cooper fitted with a 2 litre Coventry Climax engine in the Monaco Grand Prix that year and would have finished third but for a faulty oil pump.

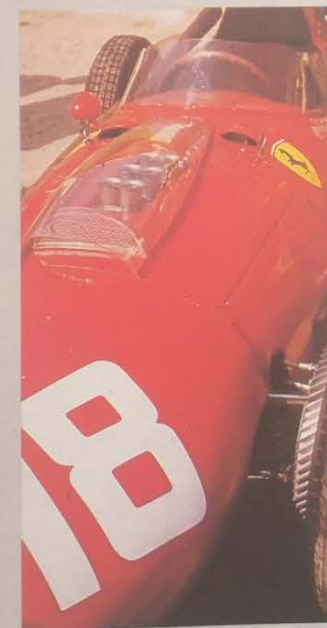
What was unique about this incident was that John Cooper's car had its engine in the back.

Ever since the Auto Unions of twenty years before there had been misgivings about rear engined cars as it was felt that it needed extraordinary skill to drive a car with all the weight bias to the rear. Again we see an example of stagnation of thought and experimentation for it was quickly to be demonstrated conclusively that it was the design of the suspension which played the greatest part in making a rear engined car handle and

Those making the annual pilgrimage to the British Grand Prix will be struck, as always, by the technical wizardry of the modern Formula One car. The pace of change, however, was not always so rapid; here, in the first of a regular series using his own matchless archive, Graham Gauld reminds us how different things used to be.



Revolution in the making: Salvadori in the rear-engined Cooper, 1959 vintage. (Graham Gauld)



Revolution? What revolution? Red car, old-fashioned brakes on the '58 Ferrari. (Graham Gauld)

less the actual position of the engine. Looking back from this perspective it is remarkable that throughout the entire 1957, 1958 and 1959 seasons — save for the introduction of a Porsche Formula Two car — Cooper were the only ones to persevere and even win with a rear engined design; and yet the penny still failed to drop. Even Lotus, who came into Grand Prix racing at that time ran the 1958 and 1959 seasons with two different front engine designs; but Chapman saw the light and by Christmas 1959 had designed the Lotus 18 which was to start the true rear engined revolution. To be fair, BRM were also in the frame with a rear engined car run in practice for the Italian Grand Prix at Monza in 1959. Ferrari were to be next at Monaco in 1960 a whole three years after Brabham had run his first Cooper!

With Ferrari such stubbornness was understandable for Enzo Ferrari was a difficult man to convince. For instance in 1958 he refused to consider using disc brakes on his Grand Prix cars feeling that the large finned drums on his Dinos were more than adequate for the job. Then typically he snatched a set of Dunlop disc brakes from the road Ferrari that Peter Collins had modified on a visit to England that year just prior to his death at the Nurburgring. Ferrari put them on one of his Grand Prix cars at Monza and he was finally convinced.

Remember what we are talking about here are radical changes, rear engines and disc brakes, not just the minor modification of a duct here or a mounting there.

But then was it really suprising? There were no computers or computer boffins in these days and aerodynamics were very much a suck it and see phenomenon. With the best will in the world the real technical maturity of the Grand Prix car had hardly begun thirty years ago. Today it seems never ending. □



MARTIN BRUNDLE

A POINT WELL MADE

STUART SYKES

Less than a year after he turned his back on Zakspeed, for whom he had managed just two points in the entire 1987 season, Martin Brundle was acclaimed as the new Sportscar Drivers' World Champion. Success after success with Jaguar, despite an exhausting schedule of worldwide travel, had fulfilled the Norfolk man's ambition to prove that he could do the business in a competitive car — something he had never enjoyed in Formula One. At Monaco and at home shortly afterwards, Martin spoke twice at length to PEI. Both occasions found him drained — for different reasons. Thursday at Monaco, as we shall see, was a stressful experience for a driver laid low by a bug and having to endure pre-qualifying; then the calm of a Norfolk weekend had been shattered by Charlie, which is Martin's idiosyncratic way of referring to his one-year-old daughter. Tiredness did nothing, however, to dispel the impression of calm self-belief which, now more than ever, is the Brundle trademark. Simple questions suggested themselves, starting with this: after all the success in sportscars, why return to Formula One — and why, particularly, by the route he chose? "Why leave in the first place is the

obvious question to ask, since I'd spent the better part of my adult life trying to infiltrate the world of Grand Prix racing. But I always intended to be back, and back within a year: two years away and I'd have been history. Jaguar knew that when I went to them, and though I was thrilled with what I achieved there it didn't deflect me from my goal. But I was equally determined not to come back unless it was with a good team. And I confess that, for a while there, the chances were beginning to look a little thin on the ground, and in fact it looked all up when the Williams opportunity finally vanished despite what I thought was a pretty reasonable performance as stand-in for Nigel Mansell at Spa."

To compound his difficulties, Martin chose to return to Formula One after his own year's sabbatical with a team which had also been missing from the grids for a full season: Brabham. One of the great names in Grand Prix mythology, of course; but the hardest task of all is to reconquer the high ground. So why Brabham? "Again, the response has to be hedged around with even more questions. Why put myself through the stresses and strains of pre-qualifying, as Brabham have to endure them in the

first half of this season? Why chance my arm with Pirelli, also coming back into the sport after a significant absence? On the face of it, it looks like another monster gamble, and although I like a challenge, there are limits... But the serious reply is that there was simply so much that said 'Yes' when I weighed up Brabham's situation. Look at their history, the form they have shown consistently over the years, the great names that have sat in Brabham cars. But look, first and last, at the people there and the facilities they work in: I couldn't believe it when I went to Chessington for the first time. Seeing things like their own in-house wind tunnel and everything else, my mouth just dropped open.

"You know, I used to spend virtually every week of the winter months chasing the Brabham people — Bernie Ecclestone, Herbie Blash, Gordon Murray — and asking them to let me have a crack at a Brabham drive! Now Gordon is no longer there, of course, but Brabham took on Sergio Rinland, whose record as a designer speaks for itself, and I have been mightily impressed by him: a man who really understands his car and really knows just where he wants to go. He is surrounded by a team of

guys who also know exactly what they are doing, why, and how to make it even better, and for me this is one of the major strengths of the Brabham set-up.

Of course there is also the large shadow cast by a small but powerful man: Bernie Ecclestone. But, as far as my relations with him are concerned, there's little change from how things have been ever since I came into Formula One; we've always chatted over the years, and as his involvement with Brabham is much more limited these days, we still chat when I see him. But of course it is nice to be able to seek his advice directly on matters of Brabham whenever I feel the need. "The other man whose presence in the team made me feel secure in my decision to come here is David Stubbs, who joined from Williams last year. I had worked with him in that one-off weekend for the Williams team, of course, and I was keen that David should join us as soon as I heard it rumoured he was leaving Frank's team. My short experience of working with him had shown me he was the

type of person every serious Grand Prix team needs: not just a 'team manager', but the one who organises and controls every aspect of people's activities and the materials they work with — human or otherwise — at the heart of a very hectic industry. Anyone who knows me and my lifestyle will have noticed I like things to look smart, neat and tidy; and anyone who knows Brabham will appreciate that everything about this team looks right — it has flair and style, and the car is probably the most handsome on this year's grid. That is a really nice starting point for the application of your own contribution to the team effort, I must admit. No illusions, of course: you have to work hard to achieve the results, but the feel of the team is a perfect launching-pad for what the humble driver hopes to do.

"I confess I was a bit apprehensive before coming here, though. Think of the names that have been associated with Brabham, most recently, I suppose, that of Nelson Piquet. Now here was I, M. Brundle, about to turn up on

Brabham's doorstep, and I wondered if I was going to be looked on as a sort of usurper of Nelson's former throne. Not a bit of it: as soon as they sense you are prepared to go out and nail the car, hang the thing on the limit, they are right there with you, and of course Monaco (the most recent race at the time of talking) did me no harm in that respect. Having the in-car camera there was great, funnily enough: it let people see exactly what I was doing with the car, how good the whole package looks, and that weekend — despite the frustration of finishing sixth when I could at least have been on the rostrum — was a very good one for me and the team."

Not that the onlookers would have suspected such an outcome on the Thursday of that Monaco meeting, mind you. Mr Brundle got through pre-qualifying in fourth place only, leaving even that till pretty late in the session, and setting a few English pulses racing for the wrong reasons. "Yes, it was a little close for comfort, wasn't it? But it was a combination

of circumstances: I was feeling lousy myself because of a cold, my race car broke down and I had to switch to the T-car, and when I did I simply couldn't get a clear lap in. But basically, I just didn't get my act together. In fact I nearly collapsed when I got out of the car at the end of the session; the cold had affected my chest and I just couldn't breathe, as if it were not hard enough at Monaco in those narrow confines with the balaclava and the crash hat and everything else to contend with. So it was very lucky for me that I had been groggy at Monaco — the one race in the entire season where we get Friday off! And I needed it badly... By Saturday and the crunch I was feeling so much better that from being fourth in pre-qualifying we went to being fourth on the actual grid, which is an ironic coincidence — and one that gave us all a great pick-me-up.

"And then I could have been even higher than fourth in the race itself, but for the well-documented flatness of the battery and the fact that I had to get out of the car to have it fixed. Then I just went for it. I made my decisions, and other people just had to make theirs and get out of the way. That car was flying, and so was M. Brundle. If you like, it was the kind of performance that will have made people stop and think twice about me. I think the Frank Williamses and Ron Dennis of this world had maybe begun to look on me as a good, steady driver, but one without that vital spark. But Monaco, in a competitive car and a cause to fight for: that brought out the Rosberg side of me, one that I know has always been there, but one I've so rarely had the opportunity to express in Formula One. All right, with the Judd V8 nobody can sensibly expect us to lead from the front; but what



Above: "It's the people at Brabham you look at" — like Herbie Blash (Keith Sutton)
Below: "Never had a problem with anything I've had to drive!" (John Townsend)



they can and should expect, given the quality of our car, is that we show both commitment and ability in a way you can't achieve in a midfield or tail-end car." Talking of V8s, Martin has been through a full cycle of his own in Formula One engine terms. He started with Cosworths in the Tyrrells, graduated to Renault turbos which never somehow matched the quality of the units Renault were putting in the Lotus in Senna's days there, and has now come back to a normally-aspirated Grand Prix formula. Any major differences? "Quite honestly, I don't look at the cars I drive in those terms. I've never had a problem driving anything, whether it was sportscars with seven litre engines, turbo-charged Grand Prix cars, or whatever. I've never subscribed to the philosophy behind those 'I'm finding it hard to adapt' quotes that seem to spring so regularly from drivers' lips.

"Whatever you are asked to drive, the principles are always the same: you adapt to what you've got. The clearest proof of this point is in the driving of a Grand Prix: the car you are faced with at the end of a race, when the fuel is gone, the tyres are knackered — and with them, the driver in all probability! — is a very different animal from the one you are dealing with in the initial stages, with fresh rubber, full tanks and so on: you adapt your driving technique accordingly.

"Mind you, I will say this: the level of competition in Formula One is now far higher than at any time since I have been in the sport. You just can't rubbish anybody out there nowadays, not even among the teams who are obliged to pre-qualify — I mean,

there are some very classy-looking cars even amongst that lot. Pre-qualifying? Now that is pressure, the buzz word of Formula One. I have a sneaky feeling that there are some people in cruise mode at the moment, quietly allowing themselves to sort out engine problems or whatever, who may find themselves pitchforked into pre-qualifying when we have our midseason

review — and suddenly they will find *real* pressure..."

One of the unwritten rules of motor racing, especially in a Formula One team, is that the first and possibly greatest pressure is the need to beat your own teammate. Brabham are fortunate in having, alongside Brundle, one of the rising stars of Grand Prix racing in Stefano Modena, who profited in a sense from Martin's Monaco misfortunes to go on and claim his own first rostrum finish. How do these two young lions look at each other?

"First of all I should just say that in my view the new generation of Grand Prix drivers is here — or if not quite here, just about to take over. I've been so impressed this year by the likes of Larini, Gabriele Tarquini — he always looked to be going backwards from good grid positions in Formula 3000, yet here he is extracting the maximum from the AGS — and of course Caffi, whose talent was already obvious. Note

"My quickest teammate since Bellotti": Stefano Modena

(Herke De Vries)



that I've named nothing but Italians there, and it may be no coincidence that Stefano is also from a country that seems intent on taking over at the top.

"Without any public relations gloss, I can honestly say our relationship is a good and sensible one. There is enough competition in Formula One without a team's two drivers fighting each other head to head. And anyway, those two heads are better than one when it comes to sorting out a racing car, especially in the compressed timescale of pre-qualifying: you have a terrible time getting over that first hurdle early in the morning, then at ten you go straight into first practice — you have no time for the wasteful aspects of slugging it out with each other. In any case, Stefano and I drive similarly, we set similar lap times, and apart from the finest details our cars are virtually set up the same way. We tell each other things we feel will be helpful in getting that set-up right. Sure, on race day I want to beat him — he's just one of the other twenty-five I've got to beat — but up to that stage I'd much rather we work together. At the end of the day, after all, you've got to enjoy this, haven't you? There's so much hassle coming at you from every other direction in Formula One, so make life with your teammate bearable.

"All that having been said, Stefano Modena is the quickest teammate I've had with me since my days with Stefan Bellof at Tyrrell — and maybe even quicker, which is really paying him some compliment. And the superstitious side of his temperament doesn't bother me in the slightest. In Rio, for example, he asked if I'd mind having my car on the other side of the garage, and I had no problem with that: if it makes him happy, then I'm happy; it doesn't affect me, it doesn't hinder the working of the team. I don't mind what sort of quirks he has, as long as he doesn't keep throwing the car into the wall or do political things behind the scene which might upset people. Stefano does neither, and he's quick enough to keep M. Brundle very honest..." Off track, Martin is working harder than ever on his fitness. "Two miles through sand pits, then into the gym for a 90-minute session, including one hour of genuine hard work: I make a point of putting in time equivalent to the length of a Grand Prix. Once a week in summer, maybe three times a week during the winter break: supersonic fit!"

There are, too, some enjoyable new additions to the Brundle surroundings. In ascending order of merit, probably,

they begin with his helicopter, which seems almost an obligatory item in the modern Grand Prix driver's kit bag.

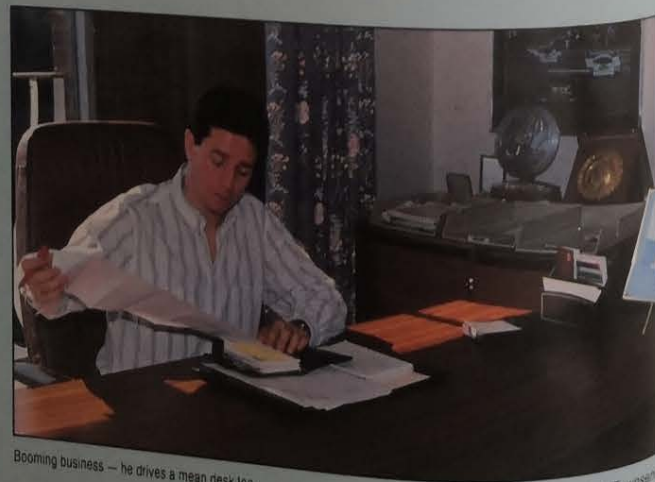
"Yes, I've just got my licence, and the Jet Ranger to go with it was due for collection just before I set off for Mexico. I really have enjoyed learning to fly, but there's equal satisfaction in the fact that our businesses are going so well, with a third garage being built. But the greatest pleasure of all comes from our daughter Charlotte; I hardly saw her last year, because of my hectic schedule. She was one the other day, and I was away testing at Ricard, but in the time I do have with her she is giving us so much fun — and

normally she sleeps a lot better! It would be fair to say, even after just three Brabham races, that I've never been so committed to my motor racing; but there is also a great deal more to life; and in the middle of last year, or thereabouts, I suddenly noticed I seemed to be making all the right decisions. Call it experience, wisdom, whatever: but the idea that you're getting it right is a very comforting one. I'm also much more comfortable in my racing, and I'm comfy here in Norfolk; I see no point in earning money just to go and move away to somewhere you don't really want to go. Isn't that getting things the wrong way round?" □



"Supersonic fit" — and the T-shirt is a happy reminder of a gamble that paid off

(John Townsend)



Booming business — he drives a mean desk too

(John Townsend)

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FOOTLOOSE AND FANCY FREE

JOHNNY HERBERT

BY DAVID TREMAYNE

Don't expect too much, too soon, of Johnny Herbert. He needs time to mature in Formula One. He may not even be ready to mount his championship challenge until 1992 or 1993.' The speaker is Jackie Stewart, who knows a thing or three about winning World Championships.

Had his words come before Johnny Herbert's Formula One debut in Rio they would have met with unanimous agreement. Instead, they came only recently, after Monaco. By then, of course, the former British Formula Three champion had put in that devastating drive to fourth in his first ever Grand Prix. Points first time out is a feat only Alain Prost and Martin Brundle had achieved in the last decade.

In the light of that performance Stewart's words might strike some as those of a killjoy, but Jackie too has been down the same road, and they are perceptive.

In some ways, the Rio result was the worst thing that could have happened to Herbert. Prior to the event there was great scepticism in many quarters over his selection as Sandro Nannini's partner in the Benetton team. Some of it seemed well founded. The previous August he had been flat on his back on a bed in St. Mary's Hospital in

Kent, with surgeons discussing whether they should amputate a left foot shattered in that massive Formula 3000 shunt at Brands Hatch triggered when he and Gregor Foitek collided. In the immediate aftermath of Brands, Herbert's career hung in the balance. 'Doctors always tend to panic and talk of amputation, don't they?' he asks with all the ingenuousness of a child. They were persuaded not to in his case, but the process of rebuilding his foot was long and painful. His right foot was in fragments; in the left he had literally pulled the talus in two. Anatomists will tell you that's the worst bone you can break in a foot.

His life became a regime of television watching, 'mainly the soaps or kids' programmes', but his recovery was aided immensely when Peter Collins confirmed that, despite his horrific injuries, he would be signed as Nannini's partner for 1989. 'That was a turning point, I'll admit. It came just as I was beginning to wonder just what the future held.' Hand in hand with the Benetton announcement came treatment at Toni Mathis' clinic in Feldkirch, Austria, and the race to recover began. British doctors estimated it would be at least December before

he could begin therapy, six months before he could walk properly, let alone drive a car of any description. Their expressions registered horror as he talked of racing again.

In October he and Mathis began work. Thus started a gruelling daily routine of acupuncture, gym workouts, swimming and cycling on a static bike. There were plenty of tears as the Austrian guru pushed him into and beyond the pain barrier.

By December the work was paying off. He had driven a kart and a road car, hobbling along on crutches to get to them but loving every moment at the wheel. He spent hours in a spare Benetton B188 tub practising gear changes and using the pedals. Initially both feet were just solid extensions of his legs, with virtually no movement in the ankle joints. But bit by bit he got more movement into the right. 'That wasn't too bad, because the bones knitted together quite quickly. It was painful, but gradually as the movement came back the pain subsided.'

The worst part, he admits, is when he had to go through the same thing all over again with the left, just as he'd got used to life without pain. On December 14 Benetton took him to Enstone airfield and let him play.



No real clouds now on the Herbert horizon

For a couple of hours he just sped up and down, practising his gearshifts and braking, delighting again in controlling a racing car. Engineer John Gentry was still with Benetton at that time, and was impressed not only with the crispness of the changes, but Johnny's attitude. There were opposite lock slides and even the occasional deliberate spins. He was like a long-tethered horse set free. The following day came the acid test. A serious run in the B188 round Silverstone. Conditions were far from ideal, with fog and temperatures way below the minimum necessary to get real heat into the Goodyears. Collins was there, on tenterhooks, anxious to know the result of their mutual moment of truth.



Monaco looks good, but life has been harder since Rio

Nannini had qualified at 1m 12.737s for the British Grand Prix in July, but in the conditions Collins reckoned a 1m 16s would be good enough. Once he'd warmed up in the 22s Herbert started stretching himself, reeling off a string of laps in the 17s. But when he pitted anguish was etched on his gaunt face. 'I can't go

any faster,' he told Collins, who felt his heart plunging. If Herbert's career was on the line, so too was his neck on the block. Just as the real import of Herbert's words began to sink in, Johnny let out the clutch with a laugh and accelerated away. His next flying laps were blissfully consistent. 1m 14.8s, 1m 14.7s, 1m 14.6s. Good enough to have put him 18th on the Grand Prix grid...

By Jerez in February he was walking without sticks and although his face still looked gaunt it was filling out again and his eyes were no longer sunken in their sockets. By Rio he looked in good shape. Nevertheless, there were plenty of sages in the pit road prepared to express their views.

lucky type. Even when Bertrand Gachot elbowed him out of a Formula Three race at Thruxton in 1987 he was so cool about it he initially forgot to mention it. Beneath the cheerful exterior, however, lies the same sort of determination that took Mansell to the top, the same absolute refusal to give in. Even since Jerez, where his left ankle had little more than a half inch movement, it had freed up. By the Brazilian Grand Prix he knew he could last a race distance after some impressive testing work. He qualified 10th, overshadowing Nannini throughout, and raced home to that superb fourth after a drive of outstanding maturity. The effect of the brilliant result, however, was to raise future expectations of him.

In Imola testing the B188 was struggling, and come the rain of Friday morning's free practice he dumped his B188 in the wall when experimentally running less downforce than Sandro. It presaged a poor weekend. He qualified low down, then spun out of eighth place when he momentarily lost concentration at Tosa. He finished ninth but should

have been sixth. Round Monaco he was unhappy, struggling through qualifying, looking for all the world like a driver who had gone barrier-shy. He qualified 23rd, and finished 14th after a repeat of a qualifying brush with Rene Arnoux. The bubble, it seemed, had burst in a big way. Was there a problem within the team? In a manner of speaking, there was, but it wasn't to do with personal relationships. Everything was still meshing well on that front. The problem was the pace of development. Goodyear had introduced a new tyre construction in Imola, and it took a while to sort the B188 to accommodate it. Worse, however, was the car's 35 kilo weight penalty that it had carried throughout 1988, and its lack of sheer development. The new B189 had already been announced, and naturally the team's focus had to be on that. 'Imola would have been alright if I hadn't spun', says Herbert candidly. 'In the race the car was much better and it was dead easy overtaking a lot of the people I passed. My times were only half a second off Sandro's. And from the physical side it was better than Rio, even though you have to brake a lot harder. The corners at Imola give you less G loading because they're slower, and of course the heat was much kinder.' Monaco, however, brought home that he still has physical work to do to build up his muscle strength. 'We were in trouble with set-up on the first day, but things were better on the second. My biggest problem was in not getting a really clear lap. The other is that I've still got to build the muscle strength in my right leg, so I can brake as hard as I should. Round Monaco, the worst circuit of the lot from that point of view, I was in a bit of trouble.' The result has been more work with Mathis, and the run up his dreaded hill, 'I suppose it's 200 yards up it, but Toni makes me run it on my toes, to build up the strength further', he reveals like a man asked to recall his darkest moment. 'He really puts me through it.' There is still lots of cycling — only recently during a Ford day at Oulton Park he was out lapping the Cheshire track on the mountain bike he carries in the back of his Sapphire Cosworth. Anything else? The Herbert grin spreads across his face. 'Yeah. There are ballet sort of exercises to help build up the leg muscles, too. I suppose I'll be getting a tutu next...!' While disappointed with his results since Rio, he isn't about to slash his



Comfortable in the cockpit again: Johnny at the Rio tests

(John Townsend)

wrists in despair. He knows the reasons why, admits he screwed up in Imola, and has filed away the lessons. He, better than anyone, appreciates he still has much to learn about Formula One.

Like everyone else in the team, too, he is disappointed that the new B189 has been kept in abeyance because of the crankshaft problems with its new Cosworth engine, but understands the problems behind any development project.

He is currently enjoying life enormously, having set up a new home in Windlesham, and is highly amused that the *Sun* newspaper recently voted him one of Britain's most eligible bachelors. Fiancee Becky isn't too sure about that one, though... 'People talk about going Formula One as if it's something amazing, something that will burn you up. But I find it's the same sort of ambience I experienced in Formula Three. I can enjoy it all without feeling that I'm under pressure.' The driving day at Oulton provided an interesting insight into his ability and self confidence behind the wheel. The idea was that he, along with Stewart and Jonathan Palmer, would help journalists polish their style in Ford Sierra 4x4s. When he wanted to be, he could be as smooth as silk. As he let his hair down at the end of the day, though, he would flick the car completely sideways in Druids then fool about as if panic prevented him knowing what to do next. Then he'd gather it all up in one fluid movement and still emerge on exactly the right line, laughing heartily. It reminded me of a tightrope walker I'd once watched clowning around on the high wire, and how his colleagues had stressed

that you needed even more talent to do it that way than to do it properly. It was confirmation of the car's balanced behaviour *in extremis*, but also an indication of his innate skill. As Stewart had stressed earlier, smoothness buys you time in a corner. During Herbert's exuberant display, it felt like the clock had actually stopped, there was so much time... □



Still, nobody said it would be easy

(LAT)





Learning Curve

MAURICIO GUGELMIN

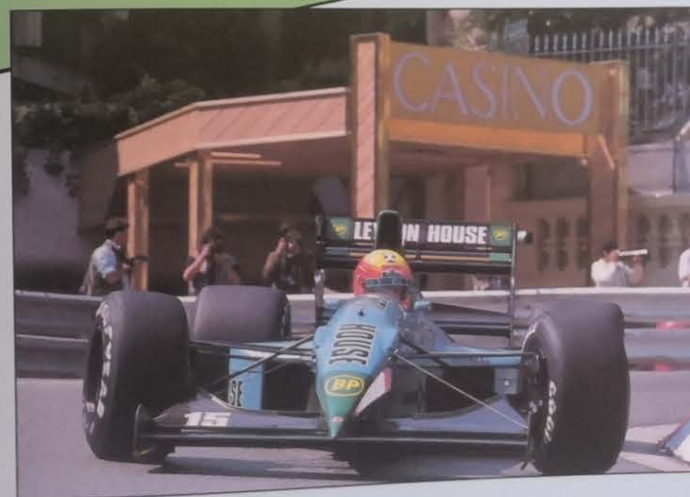
BY DAN KNUTSON

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Learning curves at Monaco — no gamble for this man
(Sporting Pictures)

It's sometimes hard to remember that Mauricio Gugelmin is only in his second year of Formula One competition. The Brazilian has shown such skills and maturity in his Leyton House March Judd that it's easy to classify him with veterans who are well into their Formula One careers. Perhaps one reason that we tend not to think of Gugelmin as one of the "new boys" is that he himself doesn't put himself in that category. When talking with Gugelmin, you soon realise that this 26-year-old Brazilian has clear cut goals in his Grand Prix

career. "I don't feel that I'm a new boy," Gugelmin said at Monaco. "I'm young and I'm learning everyday. In Formula One you have goals. Last year it was first to finish a race, then to get into the points, then to go to the rostrum. You just go on and on. For the time being I'm moving along as I planned, and for sure once I get a couple of wins I will want the championship. And once I get that maybe I will want two. It just goes on forever. I think the time to stop is when you don't learn anything else, and you have done it all and you are

tired of it. I must say I have a long way to go..." A long way to go indeed: his Formula One career is just starting. Last year Gugelmin scored two finishes in the top six — a fourth in Britain and a fifth in Hungary. He started off 1989 with his first climb onto the podium with a third place finish in Brazil. (Before we go any further, a quick lesson in pronunciation. Gugelmin is a third generation Italian. When his family arrived in Brazil the immigration officials misspelled the name "Guglielmi" and so they became

Gugelmin. His name is pronounced "Mar-ick see-o Goo-jell-meen," known to friends as Morris! It's fitting that his first finish in the points came in the British Grand Prix and that his first top three finish came in Brazil. Fitting because the native Brazilian calls England his second home. The British people have adopted Gugelmin as one of their own. Does he feel at home in England? "Yes," he says. "I have been living in Britain since '82. It's a place that's a second home for me because I did all the Formulas there and I think I am quite well known."

What about the weather "in that place where it always rains?" (as one mechanic, who must be an Australian, calls it) "That's difficult," Gugelmin agrees. "It's not the perfect place. But it is the perfect place for us to get into Formula One and be successful. It's the best route that you can get."

For Gugelmin, that route started when he was six years old. Gugelmin takes up the story of his early days: "My father was already interested in cars," he remembers, "but antique cars. We had a collection of cars, so I had petrol in my blood. When I was six I took over a small go kart my brother had outgrown. I started driving as a hobby."

"Initially, just on weekends, I used to go to this place in my town where they had a go kart track. I would drive around and around. Then I started racing when I was eight and spent almost eleven years in karts before I moved to Formula Fiat in Brazil."

"In 1980 I was Brazilian go kart champion. In 1981, because I was not 18 years old, I could not take my driving licence in Brazil. I decided not to come to England in '81 because the championship for Formula Ford 1600 would start before I could get my road licence. So I did Formula Fiat in Brazil, and I won the championship in my first year."

"In 1982 I decided to come to England, my father supported me. I sold everything I had — my race car, my car, my motorbike. England was the only consideration because the other Brazilians had come that route first, and I knew if I was good enough it was the way I could get into Formula One."

I did a contract with Van Diemen, which was the works Formula Ford 1600 team. In 28 races I won 13 and came second eight times. So it was a very successful year.

"Then in '83 I did Formula Ford 2000, again with Van Diemen. I was second in the championship. In '84 I

did European Formula Ford 2000 and won the championship. In 1985 I was English Formula Three champion in a RALT and also I won the Macau Grand Prix.

"In '86 and '87 I was in Formula 3000. It wasn't a good year for me in 1986. Then in '87 I finished fourth in the championship, winning one race." The next year — 1988 — saw Gugelmin start his Formula One career. His ride with the Leyton House March team came about in part due to his "Japanese connection."

"March needed someone to test the car in '87 when Ivan was on holiday somewhere," Gugelmin recalls. "I had done some secret tests for Honda in Japan with the Williams car because I was driving a Honda-powered car in Formula 3000, and I had good connections with Honda." Japanese businessman Akira Akagi (president of Leyton House) took a liking to the



Like the early days in Brazil — doing it all himself

(John Townsend)

young Brazilian and played a role in getting Gugelmin a test ride with March at Silverstone in 1987.

"The test went really well," Gugelmin says. "Then that year, about August, March said that they would like to have me in the car in 1988, but they were looking for financing. In Monza Mr. Akagi underwrote the sponsorship that was needed because he wanted me in the car."

So it was that Gugelmin became the most recent in a long line of Brazilians to join the Grand Prix ranks. What is it about Brazil that spawns a steady stream of Formula One drivers?

"Basically," he says, "it's because go karting has been and is still a very strong thing in Brazil, and because everything in Brazil is different. When you want to race go karts, you have to find the money yourself, go racing

and rebuild the go kart yourself. You learn from your own mistakes that stage they cost too much. You learn a lot. And then when you come over to England everything is a lot easier. You have people that can do it for you, but nevertheless you understand about it because you have been in touch after a long period of doing it yourself."

The Brazilian story is like that from Down Under in the 1980s. Drivers like Jack Brabham and Bruce McLaren learned their craft because either they did it on their own or they

While still racing in Brazil Gugelmin met Ayrton Senna, and the two have remained friends ever since. "I met him in '78 in the Brazilian go kart championship," Gugelmin says. "In '82 we actually used to share a house in England."

Another Brazilian driver was a hero and a role model to Gugelmin. "Emerson Fittipaldi was the guy who took my attention," he says, "because he was the Brazilian driver who was really successful around the time I was looking to start racing. I remember him well. He was the guy who really pushed me into it."

While speaking of relationships with other drivers, I asked Gugelmin about his March teammate Ivan Capelli. "I'm quite lucky to have a teammate like Ivan who is a laid back character," he says. "I mean he just wants to sit in the car and drive. But I think he goes really well with my way of work, and I just hope that once we get more competitive we keep the same atmosphere within the team."

This season has already seen two horrific accidents — Philippe Streiff in Brazil and Gerhard Berger in Imola. In what areas does Gugelmin think safety can be improved? "The best area is more crash tests," he says. "If you make the car stronger, you can still have an accident and be alright. The cockpit size is a thing a lot of people are talking about, but I don't think you should over react. I mean, you have to get some dimensions but not make something that is a stupid, huge car. I would say there should be more control on the crash tests, and actually have (each generation of a) car crash-tested. These days they crash test one car, and then the team goes along and builds another five, and perhaps they wouldn't pass."

Does he feel that qualifying tyres create a dangerous situation? "It is and it's not," he says. "If you get traffic on that particular lap while on qualifying tyres, you risk a little bit more. But with normal tyres you could back off and go again. You do more laps and so therefore you expose yourself to more risk for longer periods. So I don't really know."

Moving away from race cars, I ask Gugelmin about road cars. What does he drive on the street? "I like Mercedes because it is the best value for the money," he says. "It's a car that's nice and you can (actually) use it. Park anywhere — there's no problem."

What about exotic cars? Does he like something sleek and fast? "No," he says. "I haven't got the time these days. I used to. Now a car is something that's there to go from A to B."

Getting from A to B for a Grand Prix driver these days involves long, dreary hours on airplanes. Gugelmin says travelling is the worst part of Formula One life, and he is lucky to have the support of Stella, whom he met in

1981 and married in 1983.

"It's a different job," he says. "It's difficult sometimes and very easy sometimes. When you have time off, we have time off for both of us — four or five days. You don't have a job 9 to 5. But there are a couple of days when you have a job for 24 hours. So it's a different way of living."

Mauricio and Stella recently moved into a new seaside home in the south of Brazil near Curitiba. He has set up a business nearby with his brother Alceu. "I started that in '84 and it's growing more and more," Gugelmin says of his business. "He basically looks after all my promotions, and now we are getting into some different businesses which involve Leyton House."

Morris enjoys his "second job". If he wasn't a race driver, he says, "I would be in business. I like wheeling and dealing a lot."

He is a racing driver first, of course, and already a popular one. For this interview we sat at a table under the canopy of the turquoise March motor-

home in the Monaco paddock. While we talked, a crowd of autograph collectors steadily grew outside the canopy. At the conclusion of the interview there were so many people that I was "trapped" in my chair. Instead of ducking off to hide in the motorhome as many of his fellow Grand Prix drivers do, Gugelmin stayed outside and looked after his fans.

Earlier in the interview, as we looked out on the glamorous and exotic setting of the Monaco harbour, I asked Gugelmin about glamour in Formula One. "I never thought about that," he says. "I got into Formula One to perform. For me it's racing and being successful. If you have money or glamour that's part of it, but I got into Formula One because I wanted to drive, not because of the glamour."

Racing, being successful and learning. It's the Gugelmin creed, and one that he will practise for a long time. □



"I'm in it to drive, not for the glamour" — but Stella is in support at Monaco as elsewhere

(John Townsend)



LARROUSSE:

A TIME FOR HOPE

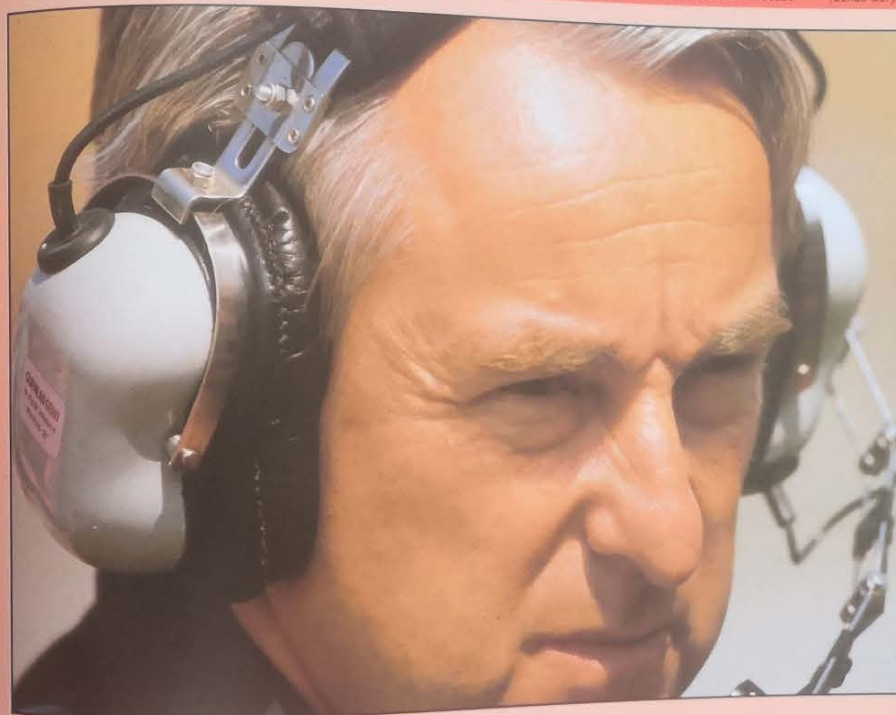
By JOHNNY RIVES of L'Equipe

Left: Taking the bull by the horns: Italian engine, British car...

(PEI)

Below: ...and French Team Director Gerard Larrousse

(Lukas Gorys)



Late December at the Dijon-Prenois circuit, the track glistening in pale winter sunshine. It is cold; a few dozen specialist journalists are stamping their feet in front of the deserted grandstands. All looking towards the Pouas corner, they are watching for an apparition, its arrival heralded by a song — full, sharp, majestic. Soprano? Baritone? No — a racing engine. But what an engine — a V12. The purring of its exhaust blends beautifully with the deeper vibrato of the twelve inlet trumpets: what a superb melody... In the bright halo of spray from its

big wheels, the car emerges at the top of the slope. The driver changes gear at will — 3rd, 4th, 5th; delight for the true racegoers' ears. The car is a Lola, its driver Philippe Alliot. Hardly a combination to set the Grand Prix world on fire? But this car punching a hole in the freezing cold air of Burgundy's Prenois plateau has something new to say: with the agreement of Chrysler, Lamborghini are getting ready for their competition debut with a classic, pedigree engine — a V12 from the pen of a genuine maestro, engineer Mauro Forghieri.

Lamborghini's arrival in Formula One is a major event. The name of the team chosen for such a venture, Larrousse-Calmels, may be something of a surprise: unlike Lamborghini, it has no letters patent. The team has its cars built by Lola. Gerard Larrousse, on the other hand, a former driver, former Renault competitions director, does have a handsome pedigree. And, where else but in France could you find the geographical hyphen to link a British constructor (Lola) and an Italian engine builder (Lamborghini)? This was the gamble taken by Mr.



His racing — here in Canada — has been the story of the 1980s.

Emile Novarro, chairman of Automobiles Lamborghini.

Alliot's will be a brief performance on this cold season day. But a warm festive atmosphere reigns when the onlookers at this historic day assemble for a lunch washed down with burgundy, of course!

As Gerard Larrousse underlines, "That is the first stage over. Lamborghini have kept to their promised target dates — a real achievement by Mauro Forghieri, who began the design of this engine only in 1987. Today sees the start of the second stage: making a first version of the V12 reliable. If it loses us ten or twenty horsepower, that still won't be too drastic to begin with". Emile Novarro takes up where Larrousse left off, "We are quite clearheaded about this, the hardest part is yet to come..."

Nobody, at that point, could see how true that was. And yet the Larrousse-Calmels team was about to face the blackest moment in its history. Testing, for a few weeks, kept optimism high; at Paul Ricard in January, then again at Misano in early February, the Lamborghini engine gave forth its song of majesty and promise. Philippe Alliot was in seventh heaven. "The V12 climbs

up through the revs quite superbly," he says. "Not the slightest sign of vibration. And at top speed, in similar cars, the leap forward is really impressive. In fact it would be fair to say the power increase over our 1988 Cosworth is around 50 horse-power."

Next to appear is a prototype transverse gearbox, drawn of course by Forghieri but reshaped at Gerard Ducarouge's insistence. For there is the other essential difference over last year where the Larrousse-Calmels team is concerned: Ducarouge left Lotus in November to take charge of the Lola-Lamborghini project...and shook it up completely. The initial Formula One design is abandoned; Ducarouge is looking for a more personalised concept in keeping with his own ideas.

At Lola, Chris Murphy stays in charge of the production of the carbon-fibre monocoque — turned upside down in comparison with the initial plan. It is Ducarouge who oversees the development of the new LC89, its shape in particular. Moreover he pays particular attention to the working out of all its mechanical details; for 1988 was not, for him, a particularly brilliant

year. It was the end of a sporadically happy marriage with Lotus. And he had never really got through to Nelson Piquet, where previously he had enjoyed a perfect understanding with Ayrton Senna.

With Lola, developing the Formula One challenger on which Lamborghini will rely, Ducarouge faces a major challenge — he has no room for error... Everything goes famously between him and Chris Murphy

— the LC89 goes through an intense period of gestation. But at the last minute the car comes up against problems — on the production side. As is often the case, Lola have a lot of markets to satisfy, notably in America. The LC89 is the one to suffer, missing the planned date with the Brazilian Grand Prix. That, however, was one of life's minor ups and downs when compared with the tragedy about to strike the French team. On March 1st, as their marriage was breaking up, Didier Calmels was to kill his wife Louise with a shotgun in their handsome apartment on Paris's Avenue Henri-Martin. Happily their four children were asleep and knew nothing of these appalling events; the eldest would learn a few days

later that you've got problems?

Well, I remember when a bank turned me down for a \$200 loan. Now I lend money to the bank — Certificates of Deposit at 100,000 a crack.

I remember the day a car dealer got a little nervous because I was a couple of months behind in my payments — and repossessed my car. Now I own a Rolls Royce. I paid \$100 for it — cash.

I remember the day my wife phoned me, crying, because the landlord had shown up at my house, demanding his rent — and we didn't have the money to pay it.

Now we own five homes. Two are on the seacoast in California (I use one as my vacation home). One is a lakefront "cabin" in Washington (that's where we spend the whole summer — fishing, swimming, boat sailing). One is a condominium on a sunny beach in Mexico. And one is snuggled right on the best beach of the best island in Hawaii — Maui.

Right now I could sell all this property, pay off the mortgages — and — without touching any of my other investments — walk away with over \$750,000 in cash. But I don't want to sell, because I don't think of my homes as investments. I've got other real estate — stocks, bonds, and cash in the bank — for

example. I remember when I lost my job. Because I was dead over heels in debt, my lawyer told me the only thing I could do was declare bankruptcy. He was wrong. I paid off every line.

Now, I have a million dollar line of credit; I still don't have a job. Instead, I get up every weekday morning and decide whether I want to go to work or not. Sometimes I do — or 5 or 6 hours. But about half the time, I decide to read, go for a walk, sail my boat, swim, or ride my bike.

I know what it's like to be broke. And I know what it's like to have everything you want. And I know that you — like me — can decide which one it's going to be. It's really as easy as that. That's why I call it "The Lazy Man's Way to Riches."

So I'm going to ask you to send me

PROOF!

Don't take my word for it. These are excerpts from articles in newspapers and magazines:

Time
He only works half the year in his consulting office on California's Sunset Beach, and even when he's there he puts in short hours... In other words, Joe Karbo, 48, is the prototype for... "The Lazy Man's Way to Riches."

Boston Herald-American:
The book has drawn hundreds of letters from persons who have profited from it.

Los Angeles Herald-Examiner:
An unpretentious millionaire, Joe Karbo of Huntington Harbor is a content living testimonial to his intellectual, pragmatic conviction.

Money Making Opportunities:
Write Joe Karbo has the secret. Don't you think you owe it to yourself to find out what it is all about? — I just finished it — and I'm off on a vacation now. Get the idea?

They were right. And here's what they gained:

something I don't need: money. £10 to be exact. Why? Because I want you to pay attention. And I figure that if you've got £10 invested, you'll look over what I send you and decide whether to send it back... or keep it. And I don't want you to keep it unless you agree that it's worth at least a hundred times what you invested.

Is the material "worth" £10? No — if you think of it as paper and ink. But that's not what I'm selling. What I am selling is information. More information than I give when I'm paid \$1000 as a guest speaker. More information than I give in a one-hour consultation for \$300.

But you're really not risking anything. Because I won't cash your cheque or money order for 31 days after I've sent you my material. That's the deal. Return it in 31 days — and I'll send back your cheque or postal order — uncashed.

How do you know I'll do it? Well, if you really want to be on the safe side, postdate your cheque for a month from today — plus 2 additional weeks. That'll give you plenty of time to receive it, look it over, try it out.

I know what your thinking: "He got rich telling people how to get rich." The truth is — and this is very important — the year before I shared "The Lazy Man's Way to Riches," my income was \$216,646. And what I'll send you tells just how I made that kind of money... working a few hours a day... about 8 months out of the year.

It doesn't require "education." I'm a high school graduate.

It doesn't require "capital." Remember I was up to my neck in debt when I started.

It doesn't require "luck." I've had more than my share. But I'm not promising you that you'll make as much money as I have. And you may do better. I personally know one man who used these principles, worked hard, and made 11 million dollars in 8 years. But money isn't everything.

It doesn't require "talent." Just enough brains to know what to look for. And I'll tell you that.

It doesn't require "youth." One woman I worked with is over 70. She's travelled the world over, making all the money she needs, doing only what I taught her.

It doesn't require "experience." A widow in Chicago has been averaging \$25,000 a year for the past 5 years, using my methods.

What does it require? Belief. Enough to take a chance. Enough to absorb what I'll send you. Enough to put the principles into action. If you do just that — nothing more, nothing less — the results will be hard to believe. Remember — I guarantee it.

You don't have to give up your job. But you may soon be making so much money that you'll be able to. Once again — I guarantee it.

I know you're sceptical. Well, here are some comments from other people. (Initials have been used to protect the writer's privacy. The originals are in my files.) I'm sure that, like you, these people didn't believe me either when they clipped the coupon. Guess they figured that, since I wasn't going to deposit their cheques for at least 31 days, they had nothing to lose.

They were right.

And here's what they gained:

"Thanks to your method I'm a half millionaire!"
"Thanks to your method I grossed about \$500,000. Would you believe last year at this time I was a slave working for peanuts?"

G.C., Toronto, Canada.

Too Busy Earning a Living To Make Any Real Money?

"\$24,000 in 45 days"
"... received \$24,000.00 in the mail the last 45 days."
"Thanks again."

Mr. E.G.N., Matewan, W.VA

"Made enough to retire at 41!"
"If it hadn't happened to me, I wouldn't have believed it... A few years ago, I had nothing to lose. I was unemployed and broke."

"Now, thanks to you and the 'Lazy Man's' program, I have made enough money (at age 41) to retire in style."

R.A., Huntington Beach, Calif.

"There's no stopping me!"
"Since I've got your 'Lazy Man's Way to Riches' in July, I've started 4 companies... there's no stopping me and I'm so high I need chains to keep me on the ground!"

M.T., Portland, OR

"Wow, it does work!"
"Oddly enough, I purchased 'Lazy Man's' Way to Riches some six months ago, or so, read it... and really did nothing about it. Then, about three weeks ago, when I was really getting desperate about my financial situation, I remembered it, re-read it, studied it, and this time, put it to work and WOW, it does work! Doesn't take much time, either... I guess some of us just have to be at a severe point of desperation before we overcome the ultimate laziness, procrastination."

Mr. J.K., Anaheim, CA

"Made \$70,000!"
"A \$70,000 thanks to you for writing 'The Lazy Man's Way to Riches.' That's how much I've made... I use this extra income for all of the good things in life, exotic vacations, classic automobiles, etc. Soon I hope to make enough to quit my regular job and devote full time to making money the easy way..."

Mr. D.R., Newport Beach, CA

"\$260,000 in eleven months!"
"Two years ago, I mailed you ten dollars in sheer desperation for a better life... One year ago, just out of the blue sky, a man called and offered me a partnership... I grossed over \$260,000 cash business in eleven months. You are a God sent miracle to me."

B.F., Pascagoula, Miss.

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You may be full of beans, but what have I got to lose? Send me the Lazy Man's Way to Riches. But don't deposit my cheque or postal order for at least 31 days after it's in the mail. If I return your material — for any reason — within that time, return my uncashed cheque or postal order to me.

☐ On that basis, here's my £10
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later that their mother was dead, their father behind bars.

Besides such a tragedy, the continuing existence of the team did not count for a lot. But it did to the tens of people who depended on it for their livelihood, and to the future of four ambitious men: Gerard Larrousse, Gerard Ducarouge, Philippe Alliot and Yannick Dalmas. To say nothing of Lamborghini involvement in a project which might have bitten the dust. Such, however, was not the case. A shattered Gerard Larrousse was given assurance enough by the team's backers (Camel, BP) to make a quick announcement "We are going on!"

Although he was a minority stakeholder in the team, Didier Calmels nonetheless played an essential part. Through his love of racing and his contacts it was he who, using his highly professional and effective business consultancy, put together the budgets needed to start a serious Formula One project. Those who had known him were thrown into confusion.

Difficult though it was, the team stayed on course. Paradoxically enough, the production problems on the LC89 may have helped. Time was passing, and the build was not proceeding at the planned rate. After thinking of running only one new car in Rio, with an old Lola for Dalmas, Larrousse could see themselves in danger of starting the season without Ducarouge's Formula One challenger...

And so it turned out. Both Alliot and Dalmas had to make do in Rio with their "patched-up" LC88s. Adapting Lamborghini engines and accessories to the old car resulted in an overweight Formula One runner: there was a real risk of failing to qualify. A smile was far from the lips of Lamborghini boss Emile Novarro, when he arrived in Brazil. The evening after the Grand Prix found him in better heart. Alliot, who had miraculously qualified his old Lola, had also gone the distance without missing a beat, taking 12th place to prove the reliability was there. Now all they needed were results.

That was the job of the new LC89 chassis, on which rested all the hopes of a team known henceforth as

Larrousse. When the car made its long-awaited first appearance, it was hampered by the gearchange — imprecise and the wrong way round. "It's either the handle or the man handling it!", punned Alliot.

Still despite driving — by his own admission — "badly", Alliot extracted promise from his few laps. But the vagueness of the gearchange had built a few cases of over-revving into those first tests, from which the Lamborghini V12 did not emerge intact! Moreover, the rain did not encourage Dalmas to subject his fine looking Formula

One car to unnecessary risks — and at Imola off-road excursions by Nannini and Larini proved him right.

Ill-prepared they may have been, through lack of time, but two LC89-Lamborghinis qualified for the San Marino Grand Prix. But race to assess their potential... Lamborghini had just turned to Bosch for the electronics for their engine; at Imola, there was a mysterious cause for concern: it proved impossible to fire up Alliot's or Dalmas' engine at the start of the race. Long-distance



Teamwork. Chris Murphy (left) and Gerard Ducarouge take note of Alliot's words in Monaco

(P)

Just "Practising drive, no convincing results"

(Herke De Vries)



For there is a gleam in the eye these days

(John Townsend)

electronic sabotage? It seems a daft idea, but it was aired... Especially when the same thing happened at Monaco, where Alliot had to revert to Dalmas' car as his own stayed silent!

In the end, without showing his full capabilities, Alliot that day ran in good company; just behind Alboreto and Nannini, heading Cheever and Capelli, he kept the Lola Lamborghini in the sort of position they had been aiming for — until the point where he unwittingly compounded the consequences of the Piquet — De Cesaris tangle. His car was in fact unable to get round the obstacle formed by the other two because of insufficient lock on the drive wheels! As a result the track was completely blocked, costing Alliot, Cheever and Capelli dear — but none more so than Prost, who lost a mere 20 seconds at a standstill. Not the sort of situation you see every day in a motor race...

Larrousse and Lamborghini could only base their outlook on hope; just how good were they? The question was left in the air...

And what of Philippe Alliot? At 35, he started his fifth Formula One year in 1989 with 64 races and only four Championship points to his name. His pleasing style of driving hadn't yet been backed up by a genuinely convincing result. But then Alliot had virtually never driven a competitive Grand Prix car. Now that he could see hope of getting there at last, something rather moving was happening inside him: there was a gleam of light in his eye when he weighed up future hopes of success for the Lamborghini. But he kept his enthusiasm in check, adding, "Racing is so very hard..."

And Yannick Dalmas? At 28, he had a brighter future in store. His performances, in a learning year, looked a little lightweight for a youngster in whom some people in France had seen (prematurely, which didn't help him) a future Prost. Until now, he had only been, in Formula One terms, the number two in the tenth-ranked team. What was left, though, was this: "The great joy of working with such respected engineers as Forghieri and Ducarouge — a prospect that would thrill any beginner out to make his way in Formula One". Such good sense from Alliot and Dalmas surely deserves its reward. □

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THE WORLD CHAMPIONS Part Three

HILL'S CLIMB



Which is the most lived-in feature? Graham's neck brace was the result of a 1967 accident (LAT)

BY STUART SYKES

The scene: the airport, London, 1962. Racing driver Jim Clark, en route for the final race of the season in South Africa, is besieged by Press — the airport Press — as he prepares to board his flight for a race that will decide the outcome of the World Championship. "Can you do it, Mr Clark?", asks one of the eager journalists. "What's your biggest obstacle?" The answer is simple enough: "Graham Hill". "Oh, why's that", comes the supplementary question. "Is it very steep?" The story is related, not to diminish Graham Hill, but to show the way in which this double World Champion had to work hard to emerge from the shadows and establish himself as a great racing driver in his own right. Hill's climb from obscurity to the highest peaks of motor racing is one of the most warming stories in the Championship's history; not only did he perform great feats on-track, but out of a racing car he became one of the finest ambassadors for a sport that was then about to blossom as a worldwide industry.

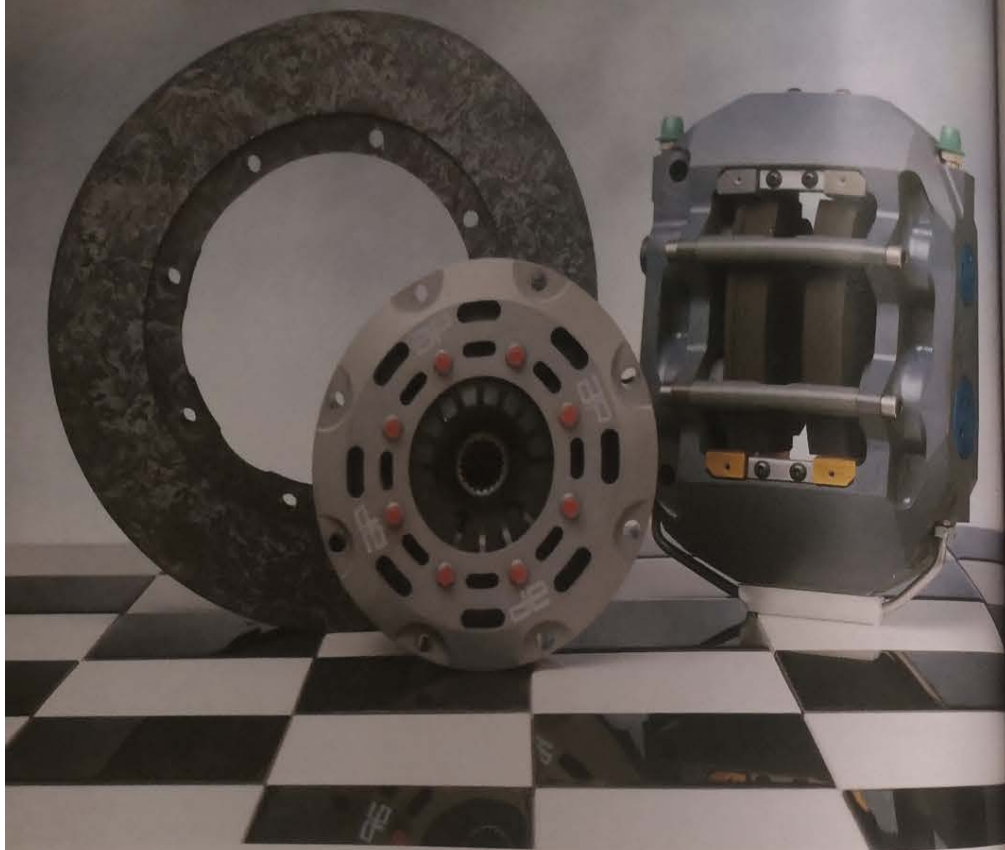
Norman Graham Hill was born on

February 15, 1929, the son of a stockbroker. From an early age, it seems, he was quick — but in a rowing boat, not a cockpit. A fine oarsman, he stroked the London Rowing Club eight to victory in the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley in 1953 — an event as prestigious in the sporting calendar as any at that time. Throughout his career, he would wear the dark blue and white stripes of the LRC on his distinctive helmet. Water figured prominently in his life at that stage — Hill spent two years as an engine room artificer in the Royal Navy serving his country.

In 1953, too, Graham Hill got to grips with four wheels. Early motorbike scrambles had revealed no particular genius and left him with a limp as a result of an accident, but buying a Morris 8 and driving it home without a licence was the first unorthodox step towards a career at the top of the four-wheel sport. Next came a "job" as instructor/mechanic at the Brands Hatch racing school, no mean achievement for a man who had done the princely total of four laps of the circuit himself...

His move to Lotus as a mechanic in August 1954 was to prove decisive, though not immediately. By 1956 he was on £9 per week and allowed the freedom to build up for himself a Lotus XI sportscar back at base and go motor racing in it. Painted yellow, it soon attracted the nickname "Yellow Peril", but it was a slightly jaundiced Graham Hill who left Lotus and his job as a gearbox mechanic late in 1956 to join Speedwell Engineering. Soon, however, a certain Colin Chapman of Lotus fame was realising the error of his ways and inviting Graham Hill back to drive the new front-engined Formula Two car. They were revolutionary days, however, with rear-engined Coopers about to seal the fate of front-engined runners. Though he raced the front-engined "Vanwall lookalike" Lotus 16 in 1958, that and the next season were days of hard graft with little reward.

So it was that in 1960 Graham Hill and BRM came together. If Hill had been finding it hard to get on to the Formula One ladder of success, British Racing Motors were scarcely in a



Tomorrow's racing results

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OUTSIDE LOOKING IN



Perhaps the least-known British winner of the British GP? Wattie, McLaren Silverstone 1981

(LAT)

IT HAD TO BE WATTIE

BY ANDY SMITH

It had to be Wattie — who else would be behind the wheel of a McLaren lapping dank Thruxton in September for the benefit of a few hundred spectators?

It had to be Wattie — three years since he had sat in a Formula One car for the last time in a race, he was back in a McLaren cockpit — strictly a demonstration effort, you understand. It had to be Wattie. Ron Dennis said so. The McLaren team boss gives strict instructions about who is allowed in his cars and apart from Senna and Prost, naturally, and test driver Emanuele Pirro, he trusts only Keke Rosberg and Wattie. So September. Thruxton. It had to be Wattie.

Not that John Watson has any ideas about making a Formula One comeback — even if Senna or Prost were sidelined, it would be Pirro who would drive instead, not the 43-year-old Ulsterman. He realised some time ago that his Formula One days were over, even before he made his 152nd and last Grand Prix appearance in the Grand Prix d'Europe at Brands Hatch in 1985.

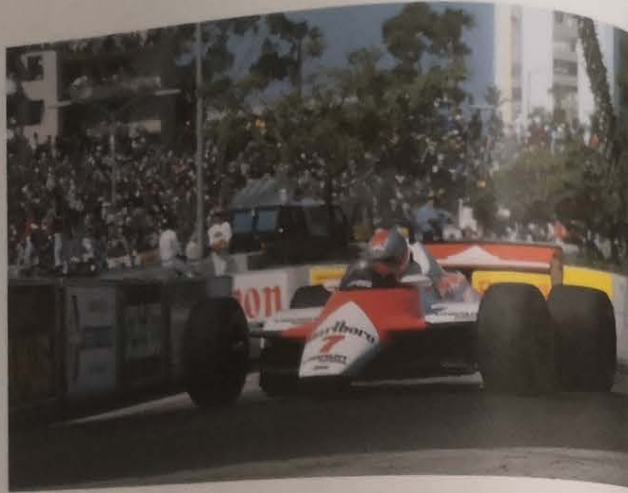
At each race it seems his eye is inevitably drawn to his old team. "The most complete package in motor racing today," he propounds, but there's a gently voiced note of concern for his former teammate Alain Prost. "He's 34 now and readjusting his sense of priorities. He sees Senna doing things on the track, especially in traffic, that he isn't prepared to do himself anymore." Watson, though often a remote and solitary figure has been Prost's friend and confidant since the little Frenchman joined McLaren initially in 1980. He thinks the ex World Champion is now at ease with the judgements he has to make when racing. "Priorities do change and he is in a difficult situation. Senna is strong and forceful, he'll push to a degree that Prost is not prepared to go to anymore. Senna's mental and physical approach is dedicated to the sport more than anyone else — ever. He has such awesome ability, intelligence and self belief. Like at Monaco where he pulled out a second on Prost in qualifying. Now, I know that there isn't anywhere on Monaco where you can pull out a second on Prost." There is no difference, he emphasises, between Senna and Prost in ability — just commitment. "Senna has no trouble passing people on the track. His arrival is so positive, he thrusts at the back marker and makes it known that he is not prepared to wait, that he is going through."

Wattie knows a thing or two about overtaking. Zandvoort 1983, fired by McLaren's casual treatment of him and preferential attitude towards Lauda he worked his way through from 15th on the grid to third at the finish. Two months earlier at Detroit he qualified 21st and claimed third place at the flag. Before then at Long Beach he had qualified 22nd and passed everything on the streets to win. Now, as a Grand Prix analyst he knows why Prost is not doing it. "He has developed a wishy washy approach to passing. He's not aggressive enough, but that is the nature of the beast. It's becoming a major weakness in his armoury."

Criticising a driver he admires causes Watson's brow to furrow, though the criticism is qualified with his unquestioned admiration for McLaren. Their success story he believes is due to one man — Ron Dennis. Yet he and Dennis have crossed swords often in the past and Dennis was the man who terminated Watson's Formula One career at the end of that 1983 season when he had finished sixth in the championship and outscored his teammate by ten points. The opportunity to sign Prost, unexpectedly available from Renault, was too good a chance to miss and Watson was left waiting for a contract offer that never materialised.

When Dennis arrived at the team, it was lagging behind technologically, nowhere near as advanced as Williams or Brabham at the time. Dennis, with Barnard and the backing of Marlboro determined that a Formula One car with a carbon fibre composite chassis was necessary to progress. "They introduced technology at a higher level than anyone else. Those years (1982/3) were not easy compared with the last three or four for McLaren but they continued looking forward, saw the possibilities of turbo engines and Dennis courted Mansour Ojjeh of Techniques d'Avant Garde to further the development of the Porsche unit up to three years early. The engine won world championships for Lauda (1984) and Prost (1985 and 1986). Now they make winning look easy. There was no luck involved in winning fifteen out of sixteen races in 1988. It was the Honda contribution that provided the impetus for the 1988 season. It elevated the team to new heights. McLaren may not have the ultimate best chassis, it may not be the best car aerodynamically, but the sum of the parts is the best."

If McLaren are the team of all the talents, then who can possibly challenge and how soon? Watson likes the look of the Williams team best. "The Renault engine has a lot of potential — it's bloody good. Everyone assumes



He knows a thing or two about overtaking. Long Beach, 1983 — the last Watson win (LAT)

that Japanese engines are unbeatable but they have no better engineers or brains than there are in Europe. They just have a different work ethic and perhaps more dedication: their philosophy is so different. The Japanese are so strong commercially that they have the capability of swamping the rest of the world. Renault have realised that, Fiat too probably. Renault's return is much more significant than a major manufacturer wanting to go motor racing again.

But Williams must find two drivers who are even better than the two they already have. They must develop the complete package to compare with McLaren. Just because a team has decent engines it doesn't necessarily follow that it will win. You only have to remember Lotus and Honda to see the truth of that." Ferrari "ought to threaten and win. Nigel Mansell is an outstanding race driver having reached the stage rather like Prost where he is at ease with himself. There's a maturity in his driving now coupled with that raw speed. I am sure the ambition and motivation is still there."

There is concern though for Gerhard Berger. "That Imola accident will take some time to overcome. The physical and mental shock will be with him for a while — even so I thought before Berger's accident that Mansell was gaining the advantage within the team."

So is it just Ferrari and Williams that can seriously hope to threaten McLaren in the near future. "March is still a growing team — Capelli and Gugelmin are very capable drivers and the car will go well on some tracks. Benetton — I just don't understand what's going on there. They had all the

potential in the world but then didn't develop it. It's not fair to call them an up-and-coming team any more, they've been around a long time. Rory Byrne is a brilliant designer always likely to produce something different but they've had limited opportunities because they have had a different engine every year till now and that's resulted in a lack of consistency. But Rory's abilities are unquestioned, he is the brightest, most lateral thinking designer in Formula One."

'Brabham; I've always had a soft spot for them having started my career with them way back in 1973 and Martin Brundle was my teammate at Jaguar in Sportscar racing. They are the most friendly operation in the paddock and their whole package is good for their requirements — a straightforward car with two good young hungry drivers. In 1990 when they go to a twelve or a ten cylinder engine then I think they will be in a position to contemplate victory."

What of the Brits? "These days Mansell is best placed to give us results. Warwick is a super driver, a great guy to have in a team and that's very important, but he's been around in Grands Prix since 1981 — over a hundred races and still not won. I think his ability and motivation is stronger than ever, it's the opportunity to win that's required. The Arrows is a good car, but the team has been around since 1978 and still not won a Grand Prix and I think it's unlikely at this stage that we will see the car beating the opposition."

'Johnny Herbert looks to be Britain's best long term hope, but it's a long road and it takes a long time to develop.' Watson did not greet Herbert's drive into fourth place at Rio with



He met that elusive victory, for Penske, Austria, 1976. Second-placed Jacques Laffite is being interviewed by Shiraz Moss. Prost (left) third (LAT)

quite the same gung-ho euphoria that emanated from the papers that support our boys when we feel like it. He praised with a note of caution. Fourth at Rio was a great result, especially when he was still overcoming the dreadful handicaps imposed by that big accident at Brands in Formula 3000 last season. It was a great result, for a great drive but gave false hope. As soon as he's not as competitive as he was in Brazil they'll be asking 'What's up with Herbert?' It must be remembered that this is his first season. You cannot understand Formula One in a year — especially after a major accident."

Watson believes that Mansell is the British driver who will make most impression this season. Brundle is the man for the short future and Herbert in the long term. That of course is such neat theorising that it is quite likely to be wrecked immediately. "Palmer could justify his tremendous ability, but so far he has never been in the right place at the right time. There's plenty of self motivation there and what might be a good car with a good team? Martin Donnelly, still waiting for his chance at Lotus, should really be in Formula One right now — he's probably the most likely to move in and go forward. He has some advantages over Herbert at present after Herbert's physical set back."

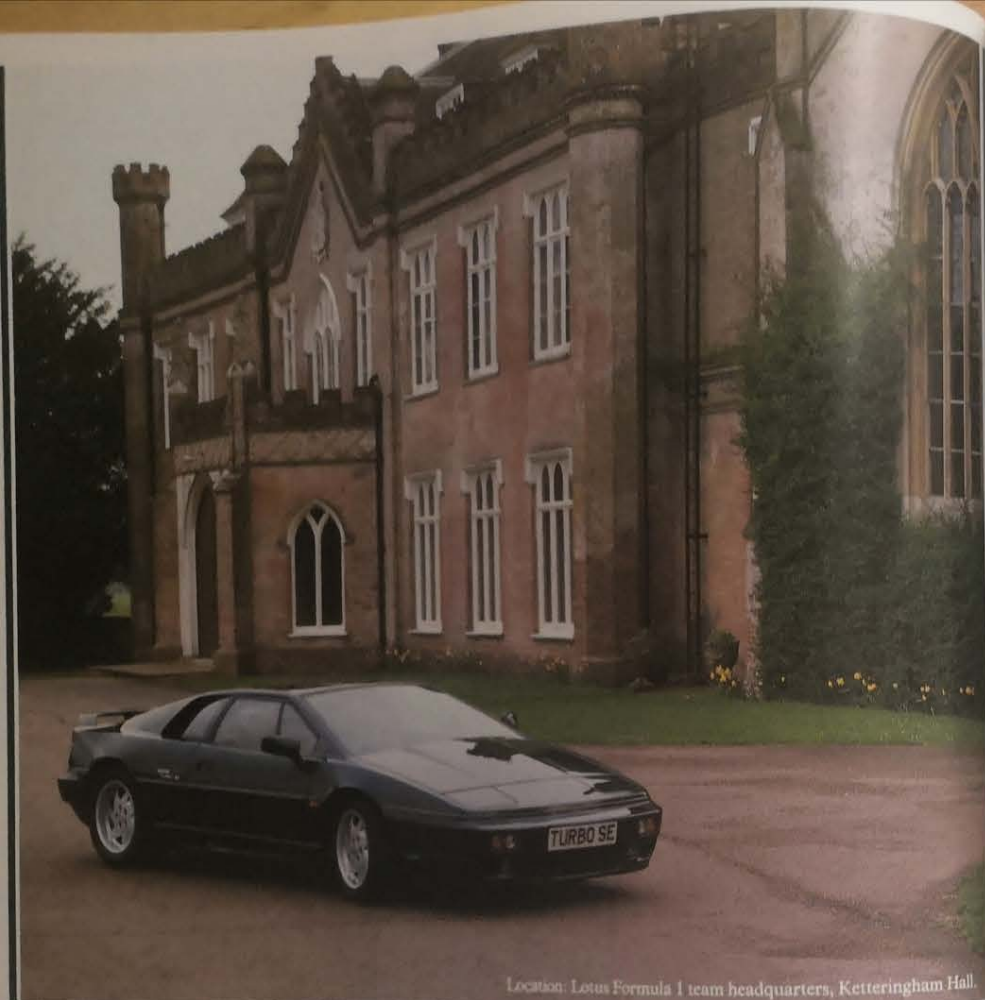
Of the next driver to win a Formula One race for the first time is not obvious, then who might it be? "I have won Grands Prix — Prost, Mansell, Berger, Piquet, Arnoux and Patrese. "I don't see that altering at all, not in

normal circumstances with a straightforward race. Maybe Thierry Boutsen might win one for Williams but at this stage that is the only possibility. Nannini will soon have the new Benetton and will have the chance then perhaps to make an impact. But it looks bleak for the rest."

For a man with so much experience (152 Grands Prix — only five drivers have competed more — Patrese, Hill, Laffite, Lauda and Piquet), obvious contacts and knowledge it has been suggested that he might want to play a more integral role in Formula One, but Watson is happier on the fringe. "The politics of the sport don't interest me at all. I wouldn't want to be a part of a revamped Grand Prix Drivers' Association."

Advisory role, Wattie (left) has been counselling MoneyIron Onyx and their moneymaker, Mr Van Rossem (LAT)





Location: Lotus Formula 1 team headquarters, Ketteringham Hall.

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FAST LADY

By ANN BRADSHAW



Always ready with a smile — well, Annie is most of the time! (LAT)

The public perception of Grand Prix racing tends to highlight the glamour of a world where fast cars and high living go hand in hand. Underneath, however, a great many people work very hard to oil the wheels of this particular machine. None works harder than Ann Bradshaw of CSS Promotions, a woman who has carved for herself a unique niche in what is still a man's world. Now Press Officer for the Canon Williams Team, Ann tells PEI about life in the Formula One fast lane...

Motor racing is dangerous, so all the signs and the tickets for the British Grand Prix at Silverstone will tell you. The driver who gets in his car, and excess of 100mph is certainly being dangerously, but what about the rest of us who can only bask in the reflected glory of the handful of drivers in this world who are Grand Prix drivers? Just how hostile is this high-octane sport which takes us from the steamy beaches of Rio, via the Ferrari hysteria of Monza to the relative calm and safety of Adelaide, the town of churches?

If you only know Grand Prix motor racing from the comfort of your armchair on a Sunday night thanks to the dulcet tones of Murray Walker and James Hunt, then you must think we have a fairly easy time. There are the drivers flogging round in circles and the mechanics keeping their momentum going, but if you watch your TV screen then the rest of us either pose when the sun shines or stay tucked safely away in the motor homes when it rains. Various people do take the line of least resistance and are only there to be seen or to enjoy someone else's

hospitality, but for the majority there are untold dramas that make our year a little less glamorous. My Grand Prix season started in Jerez for testing. What does the song say — 'the rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain?' Well, I can assure you that in February this is just what it did and in particular round the rather quiet town of Jerez. Now Jerez is famous for its Sherry Bodegas where the likes of Mr. Gonzalez and Mr. Byass concoct a brew traditionally associated with a time of peace and quiet — the pre-lunch or dinner aperitif. But once the Grand Prix



Above: After the pain, the pleasure. Rio de Janeiro, first port of call in a hectic year.
Top Right: A girl's got to eat — A.B. getting down to work.
Below: Fast ladies? Some, it seems, are there to be seen!

(John Townsend)
(Pete)
(Keith Sutton)



round and round day after day testing each component and seeing how good the new Renault engine was likely to be.

I suppose my season *really* started in the British Airways medical centre in central London with Eddie Jordan's second cousin sticking a needle in my backside. (Eddie is better known as a leading team manager in F3000! — Ed.) Before you get any strange ideas, this lady who had a very soothing manner with her oversized syringe was providing me with protection from hepatitis and any other nasty disease that lurked in the heat of Rio. It was just in the course of small talk — the sort you have while lying face down on a bed waiting for the searing pain in the appropriate place — that I found out who her famous cousin was.

Duly protected from the nasties, off I went to Rio. Although those of you at home might find this hard to believe, when it comes to facilities for working — whether you are a journalist, a PR person or a mechanic — on a scale of 1 to 10 Rio would score one while Silverstone scored ten. It was almost comforting to encounter seasoned Italian Formula One journalist and ex-Ferrari team manager, Franco Lini, and find out that as usual the telephones hadn't been working, the press office was hot and steamy and the currency had been devalued again — about once a year they deduct three noughts and start from scratch again.

Each year we have what is known as our Rio 'virgin', a person going there for the first time with no idea of what



lies in wait. This year without doubt that title had to be given to the new FISA Press Supremo, Martin Whitaker. It says a lot for Martin's ability that as an 'O' level standard French speaking Brit he has been welcomed into the bosom of the very Gallic FISA like the prodigal son. It also says a lot for him that he coped well with a press office that even he in his wildest pre-Rio nightmares could not have visualised.

My Rio this year was rather uneventful, but the dangers are always there. Go on the beaches looking like a tourist and you will find yourself relieved of anything faintly valuable by an enthusiastic local. The person who takes his Rolex to Rio is either stupid or looking for a nice insurance hand out! Spend too much time in the sun and you could end up with sun stroke or, for some people, worst of all a peeling suntan. And perhaps more importantly, drink too much caipirinha and the nastiest hangover you have ever had awaits you. For the uninitiated, this is a drink made from sugar cane alcohol, sugar, lime juice and ice. As an idea of how potent this can be just remember that the cars are run on this particular brew — without the sugar, lime and ice!

Before you get the impression that Rio is one of my least favourite places let me put you right. I have great fun there and a few days in 100 degrees heat in March are always welcome. Touch wood, I have survived all the rigours of the place with nothing worse than the odd mosquito bite, a suitcase sitting in the chaotic airport for a week longer than I was there and, oh yes, there was the night of the caipirinha bender! This was in my youth and I was soon put



(Peter Nygaard)

doing such things by a journalist who told me that when his wife had overindulged in a similar way he informed her next morning that she smelt like a Sao Paulo taxi rank — not good for a girl's ego.

And what of other places? I will never eat Chicken Paprika again in Hungary, and a Lada hire car is not something I enjoy driving. Monza is my least favourite circuit where thieving is a way of life. I have never suffered personally but the stories are legendary. There's the one about the man who had a pantechnicon and offered for a small fee to keep the motorbikes of spectators safe while they were watching their Ferrari heroes. Once the truck was full he was on his way! There was even the journalist who went for his notebook to record some of these stories, only to find the book had been stolen from his shirt pocket. My good friend Nigel Roebuck thinks I am a philistine for hating Monza so much, but I keep telling him if he were female with blond hair and an ample bottom then he might feel differently.

Despite general belief, there is not always a five star hotel with jacuzzis and massage parlours within walking distance of the track. There might well be at places such as Monte Carlo, but this is the exception rather than the rule. The least impressive for me of the year is Japan. For some reason the Japanese seem to think everything should be on a miniature scale, so the hotel I stay at in a place called Yokkaichi near Suzuka has called Yokkaichi near Suzuka has rooms that definitely resemble dog kennels. The bathrooms are made so you walk in and reverse out, there are no cupboards at all for clothes and basically you can do everything without walking more than a couple of paces. However, they do have massage facilities — one colleague, who shall remain nameless, decided he needed relaxation after a fraught day, and got more than he bargained for. The female who resembled a sumo wrestler applied the massage with vigour and then when offering a more personal service was most

disgruntled when her services were refused. A shaken man felt he had done well to escape with his towel still intact.

My personal disappointment about Grand Prix racing is the demise of the Detroit race. Despite stories spread far and wide about how dangerous Motown is, I have always loved the place. They have the biggest and best ice-cream parlours I have ever seen, although the policeman to whom I offered a lick of my chocolate and vanilla extravaganza seemed more frightened of me than any would-be muggers and roared off on his Harley Davidson look-a-like as fast as he could. The restaurants are great fun, although the Ethiopian one we were taken to by one of the press office staff was not the biggest gourmet experience of my life — I like knives and forks to eat my food with, even if it does resemble lumps of mud — and the Hungarian Chicken Paprika pales into insignificance when I think about the effect this one had on me. But, where else could you imagine standing in a town centre bopping to the sound of Levi Stubbs and the rest of the Four Tops at a wonderful live concert? This was a great evening but a little short on liquid refreshment until the diminutive Josef, Willi Dungi's colleague who looks after the health of Ayrton Senna, joined us. With not a second thought he rushed off into the throng round the bar, where

others in our party who were much beefier than he refused to go, and arrived back laden with beers. I couldn't help feeling he had tucked the future World Champion up with the words 'do as I say and not as I do'. Motor racing is full of people who enjoy the sport, and are not short of a sense of humour. There was the time in Hungary when the members of FOPA — the Formula One Photographers' Association — decided to switch roles and stand in front of the camera for a group shot. There they were all smiles waiting for the click of the shutter when Ivan Capelli rushed out of the March motor home, doused them with icy water and ran back in to safety. Happily they all took it in good part — after all they formed FOPA to prove that they do not take themselves seriously — but beware Ivan: from now on you can guarantee that your most unflattering photos will always grace the pages of the magazine!

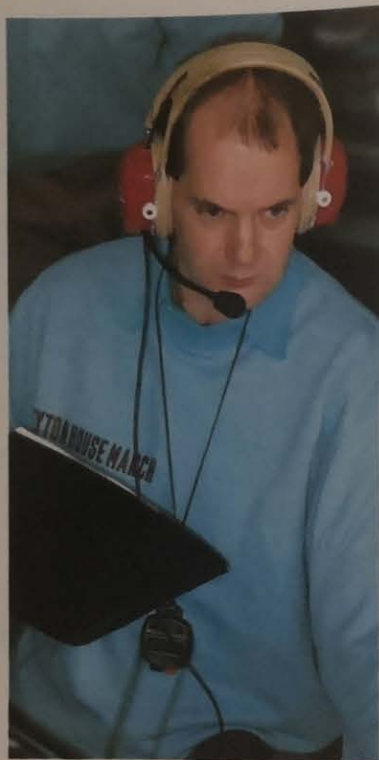
Most people consider that being a woman — sorry girl — in a man's world must be difficult, but I can assure you that nothing could be farther from the truth. Mind you as it is 18 years since I first started working full-time in motor sport, I can't remember that clearly what it was like in the early days....

I can quite honestly say that being female has never made any difference to how I have been treated, except that when I am struggling through the paddock with my usual oversized, overstuffed work bag I never have any shortage of gentlemen rushing to save me and give themselves hernias. Whatever job you are doing to earn a living has to be done well and in Formula One, like any other business — it is difficult to consider this multi-million dollar industry as a sport — the end result is always what people judge you on, not what shape you are. Though I must admit that when a very well respected PR man told me that there were three important assets needed to be good in this business I realised that I had all three — they were blonde hair, blue eyes and big....! □



Time check: AB with race team manager Michael Cane

(John Townsend)



ADRIAN NEWEY

Better by Design

By ALAN HENRY

If it hadn't been for a telephone call back in 1980 from Harvey Postlethwaite, then chief designer at Fittipaldi Automotive, then Adrian Newey might well have embarked on a PhD studying the complexities of helicopter rotors. That, in turn, could have steered his career path through into the world of aviation rather than along the route that has led him to his current position heading the vibrant, go-ahead design team at March Racing.

As it was, Harvey's timely intervention led to a post as aerodynamicist with

the Reading-based team which, at the time, held out high hopes for its future development. "When I joined up, they had the Skol sponsorship and the Fittipaldi F8 really looked a nice little car, going reasonably well. All in all, it seemed quite a reasonable team to join," Adrian reflects, adding with some irony, "although, having said that, I really didn't have much in the way of choice. It was the only job offer that came my way and I was desperate to get into motor racing somehow or other..."

Newey was then 20 years old, just

another aerodynamics graduate from Southampton University nursing his own high hopes for the future. Ten years later, he is regarded as a gifted Formula One designer in his own right with a hat trick of victories in the Indianapolis 500 to the credit of cars he designed for March during the mid-1980s.

Yet, unlike several of his contemporaries, who have egos to match those of their drivers, Newey is quiet spoken, cautious and extremely reticent. Modest, in fact, almost to a fault. He talks in carefully measured tones, displaying a marked aversion to being overtly critical about others in motor racing, even when he has disagreed with them. He treats his chosen business calmly, without drama and in a considered manner which encourages one to listen carefully.

"A lot of my friends and contemporaries went to companies like Rolls Royce or British Aerospace direct from University, but I never really fancied being just a cog in an enormous machine," he explains. "It was very frustrating. I was always interested in motor racing, to the point where my final year's project at Southampton University concentrated on ground effect aerodynamics."

"It was all very fundamental research involving two dimensional venturi work, with pressure tappings and so on, and I think I probably uncovered a few things which most people would never get round to trying in the intensity of a racing team environment. The requirements of trying to ready cars for races every other weekend often hamper the chance of developing some of these ideas."

Eventually, after exploring several blind alleys, Harvey's phone call gave Newey the break he needed. He recalls Harvey as a "good man to work with; very patient indeed. Although it did become clear, after I'd been at Fittipaldi for six months or so, that he was fast losing interest in the team and was anxious to be off — as indeed he soon was, to Ferrari."

By the start of 1982, it was clear to everybody that the Fittipaldi brothers' team was living on borrowed time, so when the chance of a place at March Engineering came up, Newey jumped at the opportunity. He wound up engineering Johnny Cecotto's Formula Two car throughout that year, a challenge he admits to enjoying thoroughly. However, his first experience of working in the field proved to be a nerve-wracking affair. "Up to that point I'd always been working in a factory, never at the

other," he explains. "I mean, I was so desperately inexperienced, I'd never even worn head sets before. Initially I was nominated to engineer Christian Fittipaldi's car and it turned out to be an extremely fraught experience. Let's say that Christian wasn't the most patient of personalities and we most patient straight away — well, out virtually straight away — largely because he'd wanted Ralph Bellamy to engineer his car in the first place. So I switched to running Johnny. He was really very good about it. He just said 'OK, no problem, I'll have Adrian.' I was eternally grateful to him because he really took an enormous gamble..."

Adrian recalls that, rightly or wrongly, there wasn't a great deal of technical interchange between the two drivers. And it was a busy time elsewhere within the March organisation for him. "I was also lumbered with the task of doing the bodywork and engine installation for the Can-Am car after Max Sardou had completed the aerodynamics. That was the car which Danny Sullivan eventually drove. We called it 'HMS Budweiser' — a complete failure..."

Adrian's next task was to breathe some life into the floundering March IMSA GTP project — "a lame duck which just about everybody else in the company wanted to disown!" With the aid of some 'by eye' aerodynamic improvements, it was massaged into competitive shape and was to lead the 1983 Daytona 24-hours for three-quarters of its distance. First powered by Chevrolet, and later Porsche, it provided the means by which the late Al Holbert ran away with the IMSA title — often sharing the car with amateur racer and motel chain tycoon Jim Trueman, for whose Truesports team Bobby Rahal would win the Indy 500 in 1986.

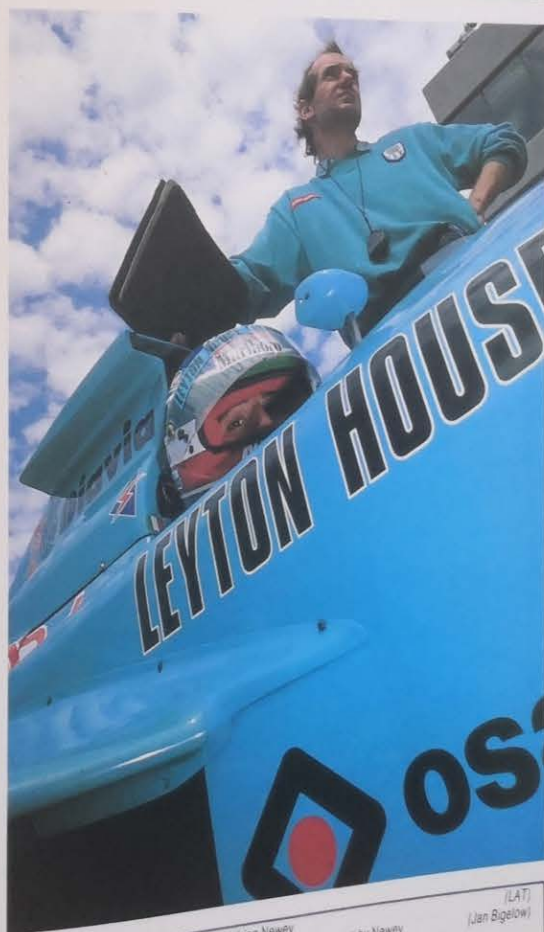
By the start of 1984, Newey's career had picked up momentum to the point where Robin Herd arranged a deal engineering Rahal's Truesports March 84C — a car which Adrian describes in most unflattering terms. "It was a horrible car," he insists. "I was responsible for the front suspension installation, but it was really one of those cars which everybody designed at once. Alan Menzies did the gearbox, Ralph Bellamy did the aerodynamics, me the front suspension installation... nobody really wanted to claim overall responsibility for it all!"

In Phoenix, 1984, was Newey's first Indy car race and he admits to feeling the same sense of confusion that he'd encountered back at Silverstone for his maiden Formula Two event a

couple of years earlier. "I didn't know whether I was coming or going," he recalls. "Fortunately Truesports' team manager Steve Horne had the whole thing pretty well under control, and by the time we got to Indy we were getting close to being the quickest March, although we were still some way short of Mario Andretti and Danny Sullivan in their Lolas. But we kept developing the car throughout the year, eventually getting it down from 100 pounds

overweight to just about 10 pounds more than we wanted by the end of the season."

It was the start of an experience which would convince Adrian just how complex a business engineering an Indy car actually was. Even though his reputation is now firmly established within the Formula One community, he in no way underestimates the complexity of setting up an Indy car, particularly for the high speed ovals.



Opposite Page: Picture of concentration: Adrian Newey
Top: Michael Andretti in the Kraco Indy car designed and engineered by Newey
Above: Monarch of all he surveys: Newey became the youngest F1 Technical Director when he joined Leyton House March

(LAT)
(Jan Bigelow)

(Lukas Goyts)

"I found the whole business absolutely fascinating," he says with relish. "The thing I most enjoyed about Indy cars was the challenge of having to design a chassis which was good round Long Beach and also capable of getting round Indy at well over 200mph. People in Europe tend to sneer at it because they've never tried it and, at first glance, you might be forgiven for thinking it's a very straightforward business. At Indy you are faced with four corners, all taken at roughly the same speed. So take an example; you've got an understeer problem. On the face of it there are many ways of fixing it. You can crank on more front wing or fiddle with the roll bar, for example...but the margins are so fine and the fact that you have these four very similar corners means you can try all sorts of things. Different springs and dampers on all four corners, one nose wing up, one down...I mean when the things go rumbling out of the pits it looks almost as if the accident has already happened!"

For 1985, Newey was entrusted with overall responsibility for the design of the March 85C. Modestly, he describes the end result as "reasonable, I suppose. It was good enough to do the job, although I was never particularly proud of it."

Nonetheless, it was good enough that Penske opted to use 85Cs for much of 1985 — shelving their own PC12 — and it was in one of Adrian's designs that Danny Sullivan scored his historic Indy 500 win. Adrian's cars would also win at the Speedway for the following two years.

The 86C was the end result of a similar design process, assimilating the lessons of the previous year. But again, Newey considered it to be too much of a committee effort. "But, for better or worse, it was my car," he allows. "I suppose it taught me that if you don't define something specifically — and oversee it completely — then you can hardly complain if it doesn't really turn out the way you want it."

At the end of 1985, he quit Truesports because he felt he'd gone as far as he could with them. "I wanted a team where I could have a partnership with the team manager, and I don't think this was possible with Steve Horne."

During his spell at Truesports, he also had the offer of joining Ferrari to oversee the technical side of a proposed collaboration which would have seen Ferrari construct its own Indy car — and then pass it to Truesports who would act as the factory

entrant. "This idea came about because in 1985, everybody began to realise that engine wars could well sweep Indy car racing like they had Formula One," Adrian explains. In the event, he backed away from the offer — which was just as well. Had he joined Maranello, he might have found himself up a cul-de-sac when Ferrari abandoned all such plans for Indy the following year. Newey switched to the Kraco Stereo team for 1986 where he engineered Michael Andretti's assault on the CART title. That switch meant he missed engineering Rahal's winning efforts at Indy, but he came away with a shrewd assessment of both drivers and their contrasting talents. "Bobby is a bloody good driver," he enthuses to this day. "Very intelligent, he's capable of providing good feedback for the engineers. It's a bit late for him to try Formula One now, but if he did, I'm sure he would have been up to the standard of, say, Thierry Boutsen, perhaps even a bit better. He's quick enough, keeps out of trouble and easy on the machinery..." Newey also enjoyed working with Michael, although "he lacked Rahal's feel. In that respect, in fact, he wasn't as good as his father..." Adrian was able to draw this comparison because he later engineered Mario's Newman/Haas Lola through the first part of 1987 after the FORCE Formula One programme fell through, quickly forming a high opinion of Andretti Senior's talent and flair. Even so, Michael would almost certainly have taken the '86 CART title if it hadn't been for a spate of engine problems. "He led more laps than anyone that year, was very enthusiastic and absolutely willing to try anything," Newey remembers.



Better by design: the CG891 in Gugelmin's hands in Monaco (Zoom)

Adrian freely admits that, after the abortive skirmish with FORCE, he only went to engineer Mario until the market opened up for designers of the following year's Formula One cars. For Grand Prix racing was where he really wanted to be.

That led him into his current position with March Racing. "I'd always got on very well with Tim Hollaway," he explains, "and he rang me up asking whether I was interested in joining the new organisation. It was already on the road — Alan Mertens had done the 871 — but it's a small enough company to be attractive and obviously had the potential to grow."

"One of the problems at FORCE was that it quickly turned into a big team with a lot of infighting. I mean, by the time it packed up, there was me, Neil Oatley, Ross Brawn, John Baldwin, Bob Bell and George Rytton — all of whom went on to become chief designers, in their own right, for other teams. I think Teddy Mayer liked a policy of design by confrontation..."

"So March Racing seemed ideal. Good budget, good sponsor — and a lot of people I already knew working there..." Did he ever feel that the 881 was slightly over-complex? "In fact," he replies, "the design took rather less time than I would have liked. The wind tunnel test programme, for example, was pretty intense, but I think the whole basic shape of the car was evolved in three weeks."

"With the 891, we've had a lot more time to concentrate on this aspect of its development. Time alone will tell whether we have spent that time profitably..." □

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STRAIGHT LINES

THE DEREK WARWICK COLUMN

(John Townsend)



end of the session, we weighed the risk of someone spilling oil on the track and decided to use ours up at the start. Third for a while, then bumped down to sixth. Raceday was when things really took a downward turn, especially where the Warwick rear end was concerned! In warm up, on my first lap, there was a fuel leak into the cockpit, so it was time for a quick decision: stay in there and suffer (remember it's a special brew we use, not your everyday petrol, and it was beginning to be a bit nippy), or stop and risk getting no real balance on the car. Six laps in

heroic disregard for my burning nether regions were rewarded with sixth quickest time of the session.

Next came trouble with the carbon fibre clutch at the start, and a stalled engine — you can't slip these clutches as you could the old ones, they're either in or out. Hats off to FISA, by the way, for building in the regulation that allows for a restart when a driver finds himself in that impossible situation — and for helping avoid what would have been made, by the very narrowness of that Monaco track, into a mega-shunt. Two laps into the race proper, I saw smoke in the cockpit, knew there was a short circuit behind the dashboard, and that it had shortened my Monaco circuit to a mere four miles or so of racing! My nether regions were not the only thing smarting when we came away, I can tell you.

Monaco, after all, is a circuit where we had expected to be competitive, a feeling confirmed by qualifying. To have finished on the rostrum there, which I thought entirely within our grasp, would have given us real credibility at this early stage of the season. But you can only do that if you finish, and although Eddie Cheever made it to the finish in seventh position there were a few long faces in the camp.

Mind you, not as long as my brother Paul's. I spent much of the Friday at Monaco with him as he prepared his Cellnet Reynard for the famous Formula



Arrows action at Monaco

(Dominique Leroy)

Here Rhonda and she does — as here, in Monaco

(LAT)

Three race. He'd had problems on the Thursday, they continued into Friday, and in the race on Saturday he came together with Frenchman Laurent Daumet and had to pit for a new nose section after a strong run in midfield. It just confirmed that you can have a dreadful weekend from first to last. These young Formula Three drivers put themselves under a lot of unnecessary pressure, I feel, and one of my jobs with Paul is just to instil confidence in him; when I went round after the race, I could see as he was getting out of the car that he was annoyed with himself, and there was no need for me to add anything — there never is. After Monaco came the annual Ricard test — and ours, between you and me, was a disaster. No need to dwell on that: we set off for Silverstone next, ran with a different air intake on the car — and it was very good. So at least we were able to leave for Mexico with the long faces left behind. I'm not one to get down, anyway, and at the time of writing, as we set off for the Mexican and North American

MMW
races, D. Warwick was up and bouncing again.

So, it seemed, was Gerhard Berger, which is quite astonishing in the aftermath of that accident, of which I was a pretty close spectator. I was running with Nelson Piquet when I saw the Ferrari go off across the grass, along the wall — and everything just exploded. Your immediate worry then is to avoid bits of suspension or wheel flying into your own path, but as I passed where Gerhard's car had come to rest, I saw him in there — and in the same split second it went up in a ball of flame. It was a horrific moment, and we all feared for him — but what has happened since merely underlines what we were saying in an earlier column about everything that has been done in recent years to increase the safety of the sport and of us drivers in particular. It seemed, in fact, that Gerhard was going to be fit to take us all on again in Mexico, where of course he has happier memories of

PITFALLS

life on the pit lane's lighter side



Monaco on Friday is, in many ways, a journalist's dream. No practice, little other activity apart from elbow-bending or sun worship: drivers aplenty with nothing to do. Just the time for an off-beat interview — or so our Italian television friend here thought. Not so Messrs Piquet and Cheever: when the mood takes them, Nelson and Eddie are among the paddock's more humorous citizens, so why not just quietly undress the poor chap in front of his own camera? Everyone else in Monaco was peeling off... ■



(PEI)



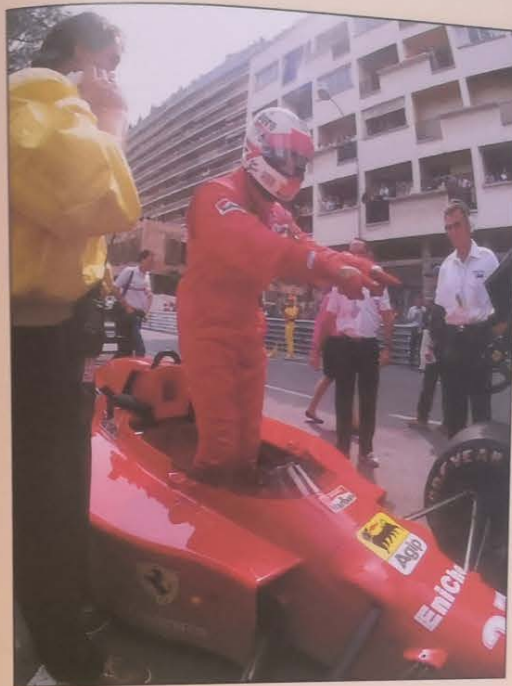
So that's why René couldn't see people coming in Monaco.

(John Townsend)

Traffic is a constant problem for Grand Prix drivers — but not usually in the paddock! At Imola, with twenty teams involved, some with more than one transporter, moving around was difficult in the extreme. It threw up another disadvantage of not pre-qualifying, too: when the Onyx truck attempted its Friday evening getaway, a number of other "residents" had to dismantle their hospitality units before they could be on their way. ■



Look no wheels: Mansell points out the error of Ferrari's ways (Keith Sutton)



Similar problem in Monaco... Trucks are unwelcome among the Rollers and Lambos anyway, so the French TV man who drove in with a load of building materials for the house he is building down there and moved on to his hotel was met by an even frostier doorman than usual. "Deliveries to the tradesmen's entrance at the back, please." Television person retorts that he is a paying guest, whips open back of truck and reveals — a solitary suitcase. "You must park it in France, monsieur", rejoins hotel minion. Monaco is small — the parking space was found in France 200 yards away.

At his Monaco "press conference", Ron Dennis earnestly said McLaren wanted their motor racing to be fun. This in itself was a newsworthy revelation, but also one which Monsieur Prost's subsequent remarks (see 'Keeping Track') were bound to overshadow. Scenes of domestic bliss like this, it seems, are a thing of the McLaren past... ■

(Lukas Gony)



Left: Nice place for a stroll by the sea, Nelson. Below: No comment...

(Allsport/Pascal Rondeau) (Peter Nygaard)



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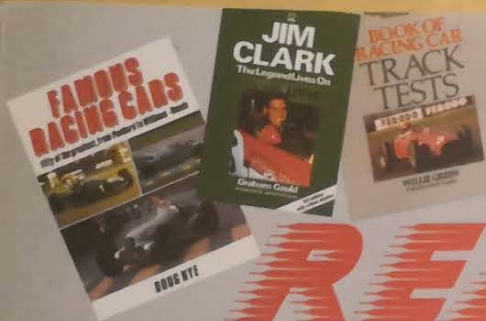
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SPEED READING

FAMOUS RACING CARS
By Doug Nye
Published by Guild Publishing
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Doug Nye's selection is as he says, personal. The author is a formidable motor sport writer and one can only marvel at the way he has brought a sense of style to a subject which is necessarily technical. One is left wondering just what kind of records he has kept in mind or in fact to enable us to feel so instantly the authority he brings to his subject. By examining the cars rather than their drivers, and on occasions by almost totally excluding the names behind the steering wheels, there is more than a hint of mechanical deification, in the manner perhaps of the books which revere the great road-going sports cars. What makes this treatment so acceptable is that the author does not attempt to value his machines, he simply, accurately, and with sparing use of superlatives tells you why he has chosen his top fifty racing cars spanning a mere eighty years.

This is a readable reference book and I suspect there is no accident in that. It is technically descriptive, perhaps too much so for some, but the text flows so easily and with so much additional and fascinating information that one can forgive learning that the Ferrari 126 C2 B was built 'pull-rod from the ground up'. The pictures are direct — they show that the author wants you to see and I liked their sense of neutrality. The two omissions from the book were interesting to this reviewer — none of the pictures was credited and there was no bibliography. If the writer himself had no need of other people's words and took all the photographs then perhaps it is Doug Nye who should be the focus of a book. This is only a personal view of course...

JIM CLARK: THE LEGEND LIVES ON
By Graham Gauld
Patrick Stephens Limited £14.95

Graham Gauld's fond but frank study of Jim Clark reappears, like its sorely-missed subject, as an old familiar friend — but with some pleasing new traits to enjoy. Now in its third edition, the book at last contains an excellent colour section of portraits and the man in inimitable action. At the end, too, Gauld has analysed the enduring appeal of Jim Clark to generations of drivers and fans who never actually knew him, spicing these pages with material from his own unmatched collection of tapes and other archive material. This is neither a bland examination of a peerless racing career, nor a mawkish memorial to a driver whom Gauld knew so closely. On the contrary, it asks pertinent questions about the stuff of legends, makes canny use of other people's anecdotes, and contrives a balanced view of one of the greatest drivers the world has seen. To have known Jim Clark well must have been an enriching experience; Gauld's book allows those of us less privileged than himself in that respect to share and appreciate that experience.



Clark — the legend lives on.

(PE)

BOOK OF RACING CAR TRACK TESTS
By Willie Green
Edited by Mark Hughes
Published by Patrick Stephens Ltd.
Price £14.95

What do you actually say to a man who has had the opportunity to drive thirty of the most famous racing cars in history, has been paid for the privilege and then has the nerve to earn money again by telling us about it? Various phrases came to mind but this is a fine magazine with an editor who too, has a way with words...and chequebooks.

Willie Green and Mark Hughes are surely lucky men — "this track test was one of those moments of sheer opportunism which began in time-honoured fashion over a beer" says the author in the opening of his chapter on the Maserati 450s. Would that I could find their pub. The book is meticulously put together, affectionately designed and positively evocative. It tells it as it really is... but I found myself wondering after a while who would really want to read such a book. Whilst of quite estimable reading value in the excellent Classic and Sportscar magazine, I felt I wanted something extra in the book form — comments and opinions from the drivers who had actually raced those magnificent machines, who had spent hours even days testing their chargers for real, who had experienced successes and failures, who had hated or loved the time spent in the cockpits of these wonderful machines. Without this element I felt just plain envious of Willie Green, not perhaps the most persuasive reason to rush out and buy the book, or indeed to take it on a permanent loan from the editor.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE



(Allsport/Vandystadt)

Racing for Britain: five men joined battle with the Prosts, Sennas and Bergers of this world at Silverstone: how did they fare? David Tremayne's inimitable style records the highs and lows of international fortune in the latest batch of 1989 Grands Prix, while Maurice Hamilton offers the alternative — and authoritative — view of Formula One proceedings.

After five years a Tyrrell driver got on the rostrum again when Michele Alboreto took his 018 to third place in Mexico. David Tremayne finds out from the popular Italian how life really is in Ken Country these days.

(Sporting Pictures)



Twenty years ago, John Young Stewart won a memorable British Grand Prix in a duel with Jochen Rindt. Nigel Roebuck recalls that famous day, while JYS himself talks to PEI about life then and now, in and out of the hot seat: how has life changed in two decades of Formula One?

ON SALE AUGUST 10th

Ford was the power behind Stewart's successes. As we await the new V8 that will challenge the might of Honda, Ferrari and Renault, Dan Knutson looks behind the scenes in Detroit and England: is Ford still a power in the Grand Prix land?



(Freezing Speed/Blakenmore)

Timing is all, in motor sport perhaps more than anywhere. When drivers are not setting times themselves, they are desperate to check what the opposition is doing. Kaspar Arnet of Longines is the man who makes it possible, and an in-depth interview with PEI reveals how the Swiss company has perfected this high-tech art.

Driver features... the Derek Warwick column... reviews of Grand Prix books, and a laugh or two along the way: all this and more in the next issue of the only magazine devoted to Formula One, PRIX EDITIONS INTERNATIONAL.



(Sporting Pictures)

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